

The Ypsilantian

EIGHTH YEAR.

YPSILANTI, MICHIGAN, THURSDAY, DEC. 15, 1887.

NUMBER 415.

H. P. GLOVER'S HOLIDAY LIST.

40 dozen full size Pongee Silk Handkerchiefs to be sold at 25c. each, former price 50c.
Mikado Silk Handkerchiefs, all colors, 15 and 25c.
Japanese Silk Handkerchiefs, 50c. to \$1.25.
Duchess Lace Handkerchiefs, linen lawn centers, the new thing in Hdks, \$1.50 to \$3.75.
Linen Handkerchiefs, embroidered edges, 25c. to \$1.50.
Muslin Aprons, from 25c. to \$1.50.
Kid Gloves—all the Latest Novelties.
Kid Mittens, Woolen Gloves, English Walking Gloves.

DRESS * GOODS * AND * CLOAKS

AT BARGAIN PRICES.

MUFFS and BOAS to Suit Everybody.

A New Lot of Nutria and Fox Sets.

WOOLEN HOODS AT ONE-HALF PRICE TO CLOSE

O. A. Ainsworth & Co. TO ALL CONCERNED.

THE RECENT FIRE WHICH BURNED OUR BUILDING ALSO DESTROYED OUR ACCOUNT BOOKS. WE HAVE A FEW MEMORANDA LEFT SHOWING SOME ACCOUNTS, AND CAN RECALL THE BALANCE DUE US IN MOST CASES, OR VERY NEARLY THE AMOUNTS, THE MORE ESPECIALLY AS ON DECEMBER 1 WE HAD LOOKED THROUGH THE BOOKS WITH A VIEW TO COLLECTING AS MUCH AS POSSIBLE DURING THE PRESENT MONTH AND NEXT. WE ARE IN URGENT NEED OF ALL MONEY DUE US, AND YOU CAN HELP US GREATLY BY CALLING AS SOON AS POSSIBLE, ASSISTING US TO GET AT YOUR AMOUNT, AND PAYING THE SAME.

YOURS RESPECTFULLY,

O. A. AINSWORTH & CO.

Huron Street, opposite Fire Engine House.

Wallace & Clarke's

Christmas Stock is large and complete and comprises

FOOT RESTS, FANCY CHAIRS,
OTTOMANS, MARBLE-TOP TABLES,
EASY CHAIRS, HAT RACKS,
LIBRARY TABLES, BEDROOM SUITS,
RATTAN ROCKERS, LOUNGES,
PARLOR SUITS, DIVANS, ETC.
REED CHAIRS, BOOK CASES,
OFFICE DESKS, MUSIC CABINETS,
LADIES' PARLOR DESKS, PIER MIRRORS,
FIRE SCREENS, UNIVERSAL TRIPODS,
PICTURES AND PICTURE FRAMES
COLONIAL CHAIRS, OFFICE CHAIRS,
EXTENSION TABLES, EASELS,
SIDEBOARDS, CARD TABLES,
STANDING AND HANGING CABINETS,
MEDICINE CABINETS, BRACKETS,
TURCOMAN CURTAINS, BRASS STANDS,
BAMBOO EASELS, BLACKING CASES,
SLEIGH RUNNERS FOR BABY WAGONS,
SLEIGHS, COASTERS,
CHILDREN'S CHAIRS & ROCKERS.

To make room for new goods we offer the following goods as below:

One Fine Oak Bedroom Suit, - - -	\$90, regular price, \$125
One Fine Oak Cabinet, - - -	20, "
One Fine Oak Cabinet, - - -	19, "
One Fine Imitation Mahogany Cyl. Book Case, - - -	29, "
One Fine Imitation Mahogany Book Case, - - -	7, "
One Walnut Library Table, - - -	13, "
One Walnut Library Table, - - -	10, "
One Wardrobe Folding Bed, - - -	25, "
One Wardrobe Folding Bed, - - -	18, "
One Painted Bedroom Suit, 9 pieces, very fine, - - -	35, "
One Walnut Sideboard, - - -	24, "
One Imitation Mahogany Sideboard, - - -	25, "
One Imitation Mahogany Sideboard, - - -	26, "
One Music Cabinet, - - -	8, "
One Music Cabinet, - - -	7, "
One Im. Mahogany, Pillar Ex. Table, 10 ft., - - -	14, "
One Im. Mahogany Pillar Table, 10 ft., - - -	8, "

And many other articles at Cost and below. Be sure and get our prices before buying. Truly yours,

WALLACE & CLARKE.

The Ypsilantian.

ESTABLISHED JANUARY 1, 1880.
SMITH & OSBAND, Publishers.
(GEO. C. SMITH, - - - WM. M. OSBAND.)

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Local Edition, four pages: Per year, \$1; six months, 50c; three months, 30c; one month, 10c; single copies, 3c.
Advertising rates reasonable, and made known on application.

Address THE YPSILANTI, Ypsilanti, Mich.

A STREET ROBBERY.—Some cowardly thief followed Miss Gertie Noble, a teacher in the fourth ward school, as she was returning from the west side of the city to her present place of residence on Cross street, Tuesday evening, and just as she was passing through a part of Cross street shaded from the electric light, near the depot, snatched her pocket book from her hand, and ran off with it. Miss Noble held as tightly as possible to her property, and the robber only secured the pocket book by pulling it from the handle. Miss Noble retaining the latter in her hand. The thief was not recognized and has not since been apprehended.

GAIN THROUGH LOSS.—Messrs. Ainsworth and Whittelsey, the details of whose sweeping loss by burglary and fire were given last week, are again engaged in active business, and the work of replacing their destroyed building is proceeding rapidly as possible. As is indicated by their cards, published elsewhere in this issue, their loss of property has revealed the wealth of friendship and good will held for them in the hearts of their fellow citizens, and this friendship and generous kindness will do much, do all, indeed, to lighten the burden and remove the discouragement caused by their misfortune.

THE MISSING SENSE.—We are glad to acknowledge the receipt of a little volume from the author, Dr. C. W. Woodbridge of Ann Arbor, from the perusal of which, we can sincerely say, we anticipate much pleasure and instruction. The title of the little book is "The Missing Sense, and the Hidden Things Which It Might Reveal." The announced purpose of the author is to discuss spiritual philosophy on a rational basis, and by spiritual philosophy is meant the theories and thoughts, and hopes, indeed, that reach out from what we can see or touch or hear, or learn through the sense we now enjoy, to that realm that is from the life and world we know so far, yet sometimes seems so near—the line or condition, as one has said, between materialism and mysticism. This line and realm, the author of the interesting book believes, is crossed and known to the "missing sense." This brief mention will enable readers who would appreciate it at all, to partially conceive of the scope of the work. The book can be purchased at Rogers' book store.

DON'T GO.—The opera house was filled last evening, the attraction being the lecture by Walter T. Mills the well-known prohibition orator, on the subject, "Shall Government by the People Fail." The answer to the question, according to Mr. Mills's theory was that government by the people would fail unless the prohibition party was given possession of it, or as he put it in other words, unless all the good men would get on one side of the moral and political situation and force the bad men to get on the other. With his ready flow of language Mr. Mills gives a darker shade to the dangers that threaten our government than is warranted by facts, and brightens the future that following his theories would bring to a degree beyond possible realization. Most of the dangers referred to by the lecturer are real, and his warnings are timely and justified, but his plans for avoiding them are not all practical, and some of them are so illy adapted to the actual situation as to be extremely ridiculous. As long as it is true that a man is good one day and bad the next, as long as the blood of brotherhood connects the good and the bad, as long as the good and bad must live together and work together, enjoy, endure and suffer, side by side, the separation our prohibition friend would have cannot be brought about. And then, so many of us would be left so lonely and friendless if all the good men should insist on complete reparation from the bad. Don't be in a hurry to go.

A PARTISAN LECTURE.—Hon. W. S. Aubrey, of London, England, who lectured at the opera house Tuesday evening, on the subject, "Gladstone, his Characteristics, his Personality, and his Career," has the appearance and the style and form of speech of a typical educated Englishman. His head is large, his forehead high and broad, his arms and hands seemingly too small for his broad shoulders and thick body, and his legs are much too abbreviated to give him grace of stature—in short, he was the Englishman with whom we have become familiar through Nast's caricatures of John Bull. The honorable gentleman from London is not eloquent, though there was a pleasure given through his nice selection of words and terms, and his evident careful formation of sentences, as well as in the forcible expression given throughout to the thoughts he

wished to convey that, was more enjoyable and instructive, perhaps, than would have been what is commonly called eloquence—easy, fluent language, poetical phrases and vivid word-pictures. His pronunciation was tinged with provincialism, the h being utilized where it would not have been written and discarded at times where it would have been. So far as the subject matter of the lecture was concerned, it was neither more nor less than an intensely partisan political speech from the personal standpoint of the lecturer. Mr. Gladstone was the central thought and golden text of his talk, of course, and he presented the great statesman in language as eulogistic as supreme admiration, warm personal friendship and political affiliation could enable him to form. But the real purpose of the lecturer seemed to be to show up the demagogic and deceitfulness and dangerous character of the Tory party, the political party that is at present at the head of the English government. Mr. Aubrey confessed that his interest in that line of his lecture was quickened by reason of his being one of the recently defeated Liberal candidates for Parliament from London, but that was hardly a sufficient reason for his presuming to inflict an American audience with an abusive, one-sided political harangue. How the cheek of an American would burn with shame and indignation to hear a member of our Congress revile and abuse the administration party of our country before an English audience as Mr. Aubrey reviled the Tory party, and also the Conservatives, Tuesday evening. The lecturer's display of partisanship was gratuitous, his subject did not anticipate it, and in the minds of many of his hearers Mr. Gladstone will suffer loss of admiration by reason of the indiscretion of his representative friend. Our sympathy, so far as English politics are concerned, is with the Liberal party, with Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Aubrey, but the American penchant for fair play is too strong to enable us to enjoy a partisan lecture; unless, indeed, we accept it and enjoy it as a specimen English campaign speech.

"John the Baptist." The regular services of the 3d Sunday in Advent, took place in the Episcopal church in the evening. The special subject for consideration was, The Coming of Christ. Rev. Mr. McLean, the pastor, after the introductory exercises, the lesson being read by Prof. Still, announced the special topic as "John the Baptist" and spoke in his usual felicitous style both of the Messenger and the message.

Prof. Barbour, in a brief address, called attention to the peculiar characteristics of St. John and especially his independence of men. His wants were provided for, without appeal to those about him. Prof. Strong dwelt more particularly upon the Jews and their rejection of the message. He related in a very happy manner an incident connected with a Jewish Rabbi, a dear friend of his, whose reason was almost overthrown by the loss of his three children. After traversing the country over and over again, in vain pursuit of consolation, the afflicted father became enlisted in the benevolent work of relieving some destitute emigrants who had come to the locality. In this work, he found relief for himself, but when approached on the subject of Christ, the response came, "I have not yet got beyond John, the Baptist in my theology." Though his heart was desolate and burdened, he had no part in Him who said "Come unto me all ye who labor and are heavy laden." The exercises were very interesting and instructive. Prof. Pease presided at the organ.

Normal Lecture and Music Course. The next entertainment in the Normal Lecture and Music Course will be given Tuesday evening Jan. 3, and will be a lecture by Mary A. Livermore. Subject, "Wendell Phillips and His Times." Admission 50 cents. Thirty tickets will be sold, at Dodge's jewelry store.

A Card. I cannot find words to express the gratitude I feel for the open-hearted friends who have so generously helped me to bear my loss through burglars and fire. I trust that my record henceforth may never cause you to regret what you have done, and that others in trouble may find as good friends and true. I thank you one and all.

W. S. WHITTELSEY.

To our many friends who have done so much to help and encourage us since our fire, we desire to give sincere thanks. We feel deeply grateful for all kind words and acts, and it gives us fresh courage to go ahead and try to retrieve what we and the business part of Ypsilanti have lost.

O. A. AINSWORTH & CO.

Dolls. French dolls, German dolls, Japanese dolls, Yankee dolls; white, black, pink or yellow; dressed and undressed; blue black or brown eyes. Dolls costing all the way from 1 cent to \$3. Dolls' cabs, cradles, beds, chairs, furniture, pianos, toilet sets, shoes, stockings, gossamers, etc. No doll's outfit can be complete without calling at the Bazarette.

The Ypsilanti Sanitarium. The Mineral Baths given at this institution are sure cures for Colds, Catarrh, Sciatica, Lame Back, Rheumatism and Salt Rheum. tf

Harris Bros. & Co.'s crockery stock is complete. Give them a call.

Personal.

Mrs. Joseph Hand, whose husband died at Elyria, Ohio, last year, spent a day or two here last week. They lived in this city twenty-five years ago.

Mrs. Robbins, Forest avenue east, will spend the present week at Holly, with her daughter, Mrs. Cryler.

Benj. Covert living at Willow Run, gave an oyster party to about 25 of his young friends in the city, last Friday evening. We were told not to mention the hour of breaking up and so will not say anything about it, except that it was in the small hours.

Mrs. Murray on Forest avenue gave a ladies party last Wednesday. Something was said about a Kettle Drum, but it wasn't heard in the editorial sanctum.

Mr. Geo. E. Woolsey and wife and daughter, of Lafayette, Ind., spent a part of last week here, guests of Mr. Woolsey's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Woolsey. Mrs. Rachel Beard, of Jackson, Mich., a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Robt. Woolsey, was also visiting them in company with her brother.

Steve Bridges graced the street and gladdened the hearts of his friends here by a short visit during the past week. We are forbidden to care for worldly persons or pleasures, and Steve we fear is worldly; but we can't resist his soft blue eyes and winning smile and must grant him our affection in spite of our theology.

Dr. C. J. Cutter, son of Dr. Calvin Cutter of Physiology fame, spent Monday in this city. For three years past he has been connected with the department of public instruction in Japan, but since his return in June last he has been engaged in introducing his text books on Hygiene and Physiology. At the Normal school he gave an interesting talk before the Physiology classes, upon the functions of the nervous system, illustrating his statements by accounts of hospital cases which had come under his own observation while a medical student in Boston.

Mrs. Helen Taylor and Mrs. F. A. Carson returned from Evanston, Ill., where they had been attending the funeral of their sister, Mrs. Frank Crittenden, Monday evening. Miss Ella Taylor remained with her uncle.

Mr. J. W. Babbitt spent a day or two of last week in Yassar, Mich., and was taken in and cordially cared for by his friend, C. A. Mapes. Mapes is prospering and happy in his new home, but his affection for the friends he made and left in Ypsilanti does not grow less, and he inquired after the spiritual and temporal welfare of Rogers, Jay Worden, Doc Bennett and others, with an interest born of affection and anxious solicitude.

Dr. Don C. Philipps, formerly of Ypsilanti, recently of Syracuse, N. Y., and now of Detroit, spent Sunday last with friends here. As has been before reported to our readers, Don is now a practicing optician, though it seems but last night or some other night, since his melodious voice used to rouse us from innocent slumber in the still dark hours between the days, as he carried the bass in the touching refrain, "Sweet dreams lady, I'm going to leave you now" under the window of some Normal girl. The girls didn't think he would leave, but he did, and he has since been married, and now goes to bed at a proper hour instead of warbling love songs and catching catarrh in the damp night air.

The Rev. Mr. Cheney closed the first year of his pastorate here last Sunday evening, and a pleasant and profitable year it has been to all concerned. Mr. Cheney is mentally and by nature well equipped for his work. He is enthusiastic, sympathetic and earnest, and his good qualities are recognized and appreciated by his people. The last service of his first year was fittingly observed by administering the ordinance of baptism, to two young ladies, Normal students, being then received into the church.

Mr. and Mrs. A. Williams left for an extended trip through the western states last Tuesday. They will visit various places in California, Colorado, Utah and Kansas. They expect to be absent during the greater part of the winter.

Miss Marie Wortley left to-day for Jackson, and will spend the holidays there the guest of her brother J. H. Wortley.

Mrs. N. Higley and her daughter, Miss Frances, are visiting with friends at St. Clair this week.

Miss Nellie Batchelder and Miss Kate Corns, of Detroit, are spending the present week here, the guests of Mrs. W. M. Riekey.

John A. Martin of Chicago, a son of Joseph Martin, deceased, is visiting his old-time home this week.

Frank Cody, the Belleville correspondent of The Ypsilantian, was among our Saturday visitors. Frank had been purchasing gold rings and other articles, that cast over his visit to town a shadow of suspicion.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. R. Pattison departed Tuesday for Florida where they expect to spend the remaining months of the winter. Chas. R. and the writer, once upon a time and then some more times, assisted in giving the town a rosy glow, so far as newspaper vermillion would grant the glow, but there was no money and less glory in the exercise and we soon wearied of it. With Charles removed to the land of flowers and the writer located in the snow banks of the north, the town ought to be peaceful if not thankful.

Mere Mention.

Rev. E. P. Goodrich addresses the temperance meeting at Good Templar's Hall next Sunday at 3 p. m.

The Ladies' Literary Club met on Wednesday of the present week with Mrs. Prof. George. As they had chosen for their "current topic" the assembling of Congress, Capt. Allen kindly furnished them with an account of the first day's proceedings in the House.

Arrangements are being made for an interesting service at the Congregational church Christmas night, under the auspices of the Sunday School.

F. P. Bogardus has removed his insurance and real estate office from its recent location, on the west side of Huron street, to the rooms formerly occupied by C. R. Whitman as a law office.

George L. Davis, the civil engineer in the employ of the Toledo and Ann Arbor railroad, who was quite prominent in the conflict between some farmers and railroad employees near Cadillac, last Thursday, which resulted in the death of one of the railroad men, lives at Belleville. The report of the fatal fight would indicate that he was not so civil as his professional title might suggest.

Persons wishing to purchase Bibles and Testaments for holiday gifts can find a full supply, very cheap, at the Bible Society depository, in D. B. Greene's office.

The "Little Gleaners" will hold a Japanese Doll Festival in the basement of the Presbyterian church on Friday evening, Dec. 23, commencing promptly at 7:30 o'clock. Some of the curious Japanese customs will be illustrated by means of the dolls. Admission 10 cents.

The annual public of Phoenix Debating Club, of the high school, will be held in high school hall next Friday evening, Dec. 16. A general invitation extended.

The Sons of Temperance give a Christmas tree social at Good Templar's Hall Wednesday evening of next week, Dec. 21. Each person attending will receive some present from the tree, the present being determined by the number of their ticket. In addition a pleasing literary program will be given. All for fifteen cents.

The Ypsilanti Dress Stay Company have reduced the working hours of their employees from ten to nine hours—work commencing at eight in the morning instead of seven o'clock. This change was made without solicitation on the part of the Company's employees and no reduction of wages was made by reason of it.

An illustration of cause and effect—the cause being matter misplaced, and the effect a broken press, was given at the Commercial office last Saturday. Loss, twenty-five dollars, no insurance, but the firm is still doing business at the old stand.

Prof. W. M. Skinner of Boston, a tenor of considerable celebrity is arranging a concert for the evening of the 23d, which will be unique in some of its features and will be a rare treat. The next meeting of the W. C. T. U. will be held with Mrs. G. L. Foote, corner of Ellis and Ballard streets, next Tuesday at 3 o'clock. All are invited. The play to be given at the opera house this evening, comes endorsed as a thrilling and pleasing one. It deals with the pleasing poem, Shamus O'Brien, and Irish songs and dances are plentifully sprinkled through its acts.

Minor Stetson, aged 84 years, who had lived in the town of Augusta for 55 years, died Sunday last.

The Ann Arbor Democrat announces that Barney Kirk of this city will be a candidate for Register of Deeds, and adds that he is now the fortieth on the list.

We understand that Bazzett, & Barrett's bankrupt stock, consisting of \$10,000 worth of watches, clocks, jewelry and silverware will be brought here and sold at public auction in the Moorman Block, next door to the Sanitarium, commencing Saturday, Dec. 15, and continuing each day until all is disposed of. This is a rare opportunity to purchase jewelry at your own price.

For Sale Cheap. Cottage rooms, \$400—\$50 down and \$10 per month. J. N. WALLACE & CO.

At the Ypsilanti Sanitarium will cure a cold, if the bath be taken in time.

Anyone wishing to engage the professional services of Miss Betsey Gates, will call on Mrs. P. W. Carpenter, south Washington st.

Plush and leather albums, autograph albums and scrap albums at the lowest prices at the Bazarette.

Young ladies intending to make their "brothers or gentlemen cousins" a present must remember that the Bazarette keeps just the articles needed for such, and other Xmas presents.

Pittsfield Taxes. Mr. George E. Sperry, treasurer of Pittsfield, will be in Ypsilanti on the 22d day of Dec. to receive taxes.

Greatest assortment of Christmas gifts to be had in the city at the new jewelry and stationery store, Huron St.

Go to C. H. Foster's for holiday presents in the line of pipes, cigar holders, etc.

For table luxuries go to Harris Bros. Beautiful holiday booklets and satin novelties at the Bazarette.

Delicious! is the exclamation of those who test the Golden Crescent cigar.

For Oneda Community canned goods and mince meats, go to Harris Bros.

Plush novelties in cuff and collar boxes, handkerchief and toilet sets at the Bazarette.

A Formal Farewell.

The present proprietors of The Ypsilantian are far away this week, and as they have confided the responsibility of presenting this issue of their paper to the care of one who during the past three years has had the privilege of preparing much that has been given in its columns, and who now exercises that privilege for the last time, we shall take advantage of this opportunity to bid the readers of The Ypsilantian, collectively, a formal farewell. We have enjoyed the privileges of our position to a degree beyond that made possible for our readers, perhaps, and it is quite probable that the regret we feel in parting from the paper and its patrons is greater than will be felt by any in receiving our farewell.

Although we have enjoyed our work in Ypsilanti, the enjoyment has not been by reason of its presumed excellence or our satisfaction with it, but has proceeded rather from the indulgence with which it has been received, and the kindly assistance and encouragement which has made even the results attained possible. Many sentences have been framed that we would we could recall, some opinions expressed that may have been unjust, and some facts given that were better left untold. These imperfections and faults were the results of mistakes rather than malice, errors committed through ignorance rather than by intention. The words or thoughts that may have pleased or helped, we trust will be remembered; those which have hurt or hindered, we pray may be forgotten. In this we echo but the prayers that all would make in parting.

P. F. F.

Chas. Erin Verner in Shamus O'Brien at the Opera House this evening.

Go Visit Your Uncles, Cousins and Aunts. The Michigan Central will sell tickets to all stations on the road Dec. 24, 25, 26 and Dec. 31 to Jan. 1 and 2 at one fare for the round trip tickets, good returning Jan. 3. These tickets not good on Nos. 5 and 6. 1516

A Sewing Machine For Sale.

A new White, used but little, will be sold cheap if sold soon. Call on or address, Mrs. George Thompson, corner Cross and Perrin streets, Ypsilanti. 415-16

For Sale.

A fine diamond stud, address lock box 2553, Ann Arbor. 415-17

Attend the great auction sale of watches, clocks, jewelry and plated ware in the Moorman Block, next door to Sanitarium.

New goods and new prices at the new jewelry and stationery store, Huron St. E. L. HOUGH.

Every thing in canned goods new and fresh at C. H. Foster's.

The Golden Crescent Cigar is sold only at Holbrook's.

A few very choice cloaks for ladies in the Modjeska and Newmarkets just received. We guarantee our prices to be 25 per cent. lower than other dealers. Trim, McGregor & Co.

For Lockheart buckwheat flour go to Harris Bros. & Co.

House to rent.—Enquire of

41416 GUY DAVIS.

We have a new line of Children's and Misses' cloaks in Gretchen's and newmarkets, very stylish which we offer at less than factory prices. Trim McGregor & Co.

Have you seen those cream candies at 20 cents per pound at F. A. Oberst's?

Ritter's apple butter and jams at Harris Bros.

Try the Golden Crescent cigar at Holbrook's grocery.

A beautiful line of fine handkerchiefs for ladies and gentlemen at the Bazarette.

Go to C. H. Foster's for choice candies, nuts, oranges and pine apples.

See our handkerchiefs, mufflers and slippers before buying the Christmas box for John. Trim, McGregor & Co.

The largest and most complete assortment of ladies' and gents' watches in the city at the new jewelry and stationery store, Huron St. E. L. HOUGH.

Go to C. H. Foster's for saratoga chips, mince meat and Cross & Blackwells jams.

Have you seen those Christmas tree ornaments and cards at F. A. Oberst's?

We will show the latest styles in mufflers and at prices hard to beat. Christmas week at Trim, McGregor & Co.'s.

Get your mother, your wife and daughter a cloak for Christmas. You will find the latest styles and lowest prices at Trim, McGregor & Co.'s.

Everybody attend the auction sale now going on in the Moorman Block.

E. B. Morehouse, Fire Life and Accident Insurance in the best companies. Conveyances made, pension affidavits, vouchers, etc. drawn. Call at office of Allen & McCorkle.

Buy your daughter one of those handsome Gretchen cloaks for a Christmas present. Trim, McGregor & Co.

C. H. Foster's empress tea and favorite blend coffee is meeting with success. Sales increasing every day.

Harris Bros.' Rob Roy flour is fine.

Fine presents given with baking powder at C. H. Foster's.

STATE OF MICHIGAN, COUNTY OF WASHTENAW, ss. Notice is hereby given, that by an order of the Probate Court for the County of Washtenaw, made on the eighth day of December A. D. 1887, six months from that date were allowed for creditors to present their claims against the estate of Joseph Bickford late of said county, deceased, and that all creditors of said deceased are required to present their claims to said Probate Court, at the Probate Office in the city of Ann Arbor, for examination and allowance, on or before the eighth day of June next, and that such claims will be heard before said Court, on Friday the eighth day of June next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon of each of said days.

Dated, Ann Arbor, December 8th, A. D. 1887. WILLIAM D. HARRISMAN, Judge of Probate

THE YPSILANTIAN.

YPSILANTI, MICH.
THURSDAY, DECEMBER 15, 1887.

Putting up stoves is not an agreeable task, yet strange to say, it suits everybody who engages in it.—*Binghamton Republican.*

Dumpey—I understand that Bigsby is over ears in debt. Blossom—Hull! guess you never saw his ears.—*Burlington Free Press.*

When you read that a millionaire works harder than any of his clerks, please to remember that he gets more pay.—*Philadelphia Call.*

A man sometimes loses his balance on an orange negotiating in the savings bank, and sometimes he loses it in a pavement.—*Louisville Courier.*

When you have to pay \$1 an hour for a one-hour sleigh, it's easy to understand what is meant by a revenue cutter.—*Duluth Paragapher.*

Miss Pittsburg—Do you believe in marriage, Miss Chicago? Miss Chicago—Why, cert! How else could we ever have any divorces?—*Tid-Bits.*

Giving nothing yourself and asking others to contribute to a monument is what might be called "monumental cheek."—*New Orleans Picayune.*

Why is the letter "u" like a creamery as compared with a common dairy? Because it makes better butter, you know.—*Springfield Union.*

Husband (dressing)—"Where in the world are my boots, my dear?" Wife—"On the mantelpiece where you left them last night."—*New York Sun.*

When the world was new there was naturally an abundance of original sin. Now wickedness of any kind is a chestnut.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

Presence of mind is all well enough in some cases, but when a man finds himself in danger of freezing to death he shouldn't try to keep too cool.—*Epoch.*

H. Rider Haggard will lecture in this country. The Journal desires to recall its statement that he is a thoroughly original genius.—*Nebraska State Journal.*

"No, I don't like Prigston, he's such an ignoramus." "Why, that's the best thing about him. If he knew anything, he'd be telling it to everybody."—*Boston Transcript.*

First coming lady—I see that Mr. Buffalo Bill's profits in London amounted to \$70,000. Second young lady—Yes, and think, too, of his position in society.—*Tid-Bits.*

The dead elephant Alice was dissected at Hartford and 300 pennies being found in her stomach, it is believed she had started a monument fund.—*Omaha Bee.*

Only a rich man can afford to use coal-gas as a means of suicide nowadays. His poor neighbor must content himself with the plebeian rope.—*Baltimore American.*

It was nip and tuck with a Rhode Island girl and her pa whether she should bring a dune son-in-law into the family, but finally Pawtucket.—*Duluth Paragapher.*

It is an Irishman who defines a rich man as a man who bites off more than he can chew, and a poor man as a man who chews more than he can bite off.—*New York Tribune.*

The value of diamonds depends upon circumstances. Usually the ace is worth the most, but sometimes the ten-spot has twice its value.—*Davenport Democrat-Gazette.*

"It's queer how some people make money," remarked one traveling man to another. "Yes, I suppose you refer to the counterfeiters," was the rejoinder.—*Merchant Traveler.*

Old lady (on her way to church)—"Don't you know, little boys, that it's wicked to play ball Sunday?"—*Wa- ain't playin'!* "We're only 'prectin' for tomorrow's game."—*New York Sun.*

"I say, old man, can you lend me a tenner?" "No; you remember what Shakespeare says: 'A loan of loses both itself and friend.'" "Yah! You can go to a nunny!" "I've had enough of you."—*New York Sun.*

Counsel (to witness)—Is it possible, Uncle Rastus, that you would swear to what you know is not the truth for a single paltry dollar?" Uncle Rastus (indignantly)—"No, sah; de gemman giv me \$2."—*Harper's Bazar.*

With a high appreciation of a great and interesting truth, Elizabeth Stuart Phelps remarked: "The sweetest song is that no man has begun." And, as a general thing, the sweetest poem is the one who has begun no song.—*New York Sun.*

Sister Clara (entertaining young Mr. Featherly)—Why do you ask me, Bobby, if was at the market yesterday? You know very well I was not. Bobby—I heard Mr. Featherly say something about your being in the market.—*New York Sun.*

As soon as you forget to pay a man a small sum you owe him tell him so and he will be satisfied. It is the putting off and putting off of such payments and not telling the man you have forgotten it that makes him mad.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

Patent agent—I've got just the thing you want. It is a book-holder, and a German professor—Vell, I don't want him. I vos hold onto my books poody vell. Vat I vant ish a patent ash vill bring back dot books vat vos borrowed from me.—*Harper's Bazar.*

A young lady insists that it isn't the pakes of the acting at the theatre that makes her cry, but the soulful sobbing of the violins. She may be right. It is certain that nothing will make me weep than a mismanaged fiddle.—*Somerville Journal.*

"I am so glad," said Miss Pretty-sweet, looking up from the paper, "that the Government has at last become interested in our coast defenses. Last winter there weren't half enough toboggan chutes to accommodate one-half the people who wanted to coast."—*Burdette.*

Brown—I saw you going home very late last night with a turkey under your arm. Robinson—Robinson—Yes, I was down at Rungum's with the boys until nearly 2 o'clock raffling. I won it. Brown—Was it a nice turkey? Robinson—I don't know. I was too sick to eat any of it.—*New York Sun.*

Madame unexpectedly enters the larder, where she detects Baptiste, the footman, in the act of drinking Chartreuse liqueur. Both stare at each other in open-mouthed astonishment. At length madam broke silence and said in a tone of severity: "Really Baptiste, I am surprised." Baptiste (in a tone of exasperation)—"And so am I. Why, I thought madame had gone out!"—*Le Mésage de Fer.*

Thanksgiving at Sharon Farm.

BY ROUNSEVILLE WILDMAN.

The snow had been falling all day long. Early Thursday morning, when Bijah took the bright scoured pail from the rack on the sunny side of the broad eaved old house, the hills about Sharon farm were brown and sear; not a semblance of snow was in the atmosphere, only a dull leaden coloring off toward the north. But by the time the last patient milky was stripped, a little flurry of flakes beat against the cowshed window, and Bijah told Grandpa Parsons that "He'd be thummed if it wasn't going ter be reg'lar Thanksgiving weather arter all."

Hour after hour the snow continued to fall. Softly like a mantle it spread over field and farm building, gradually sifting down among the frozen herbage; at first hardly showing the place of hiding, but later asserting itself and burying the dead grasses and ensouling the freshly plowed fields. Ever and anon a leafless daisy or broken stalk of the mullen still could be seen bending under its load like some discouraged sentinel of a lost cause.

By noon the barren hills, the rambling fences, the long shambling barns, the straw stacks; the old homestead were all alike beautiful in their garments of white. "Der tanksgiven clo's," little Gilbert said as he flattened his d minute nose against the window pane.

Thanksgiving was the great day at Grandpa Parsons. Christmas and New Years were but feeble imitations. There were good reasons for Thanksgiving being celebrated at Sharon farm; many things to be thankful for, thought grandpa as he leaned back in his capacious easy chair before the glowing arch fire.

The great cavernous arch was the Mecca of Sharon farm. To-day it was loaded down with its shaggy hickory back-log and four sticks, and piled high with apple tree limbs, sending forth its many colored flames in snapping, crackling play, filling the room with a genial warmth and an aroma of orchard and forest. Grandpa Parsons loved to have his chair drawn up before it and gaze into its sunny depth. Of times Gilbert and Mary, Horace and Helen would perch upon his knees or draw up beside him while he would relate the story of a Thanksgiving morning long ago. They never tired of it.

To-day, as the fragrant smoke slowly curled from his pipe and hid him from view for a moment and then galloped up the chimney, his mind fled away to the past. He was but a little boy again. The homestead was not so old then; the clap boards were not so deeply furrowed with seams; the woods came nearer the house—so near that at eventide their lengthened shadows wrapped the home in premature twilight and sent its inmates early to bed.

He remembered how his father and uncle shot a bear where now stands the district school house. Everything has changed, he thought, only the great stone fire place—that was the same. He thought of how on a winter night he would bake a long row of sweet apples before it, his face growing ruddy as he stooped to turn them round and round before the glowing coals; and how a pan of hickory nuts would be cracked and eaten, while the soft flames lit up the dusky room and cast spectral shadows upon the opposite wall.

He thought, how, on such an evening their laughter was checked by the soft crying of a child on the door step. It was a little girl, warmly wrapt. They took it in and little Seth kissed it and called it his baby sister Thankful, for it was Thanksgiving night—and grandpa smiled in his reverie as he thought of that happy time. The little girl grew up and learned to call him "Budder Sethe." They played together making mud pies, hunting hen's nests and nutting in the summer and fall, and in the winter the old arch was a hundred fold dearer now that a sister shared it.

Fifteen Thanksgivings went by, filled with innocent mirth and thoughtless play. Seth went from his dear roof-tree to a distant academy. How proud he was when he came home on his first vacation, and how much he had to tell Thankful of his school, his mates, and one blue-eyed girl, who had stolen his young heart. But Thankful was quiet while he ran on with his many triumphs. She tried to sympathize with him, but the tears came to her eyes, and then she could only put her arms around her brother's neck and tell him how proud she was of him.

One time he brought his room-mate, Bennie home with him. He loved Bennie, and he told Thankful he must love him too, but when they took long walks together, or when they played partners at dominoes, he became restless and shy, and was glad when vacation was over.

The next time he came back he could not catch Thankful up and kiss her at once. He would find himself stealing glances at her when he thought her not looking, and when she would catch his eye his head would drop and a flush would creep into his cheeks.

One beautiful autumn day, just as the sun had tinged Sharon farm for the last time, leaving only the remembrance of its presence, he took Thankful in his arms, told her of his love and asked her to be his wife. The recollection of that sweet pink face turned up to his, of that gentle yielding form drawn close to his was indelibly stamped upon his memory.

It was not a long courtship, without you call their entire life a courtship, for they were married on Thanksgiving in commemoration of Thankful's advent into the family. It was a quiet wedding—only a few of the neighbors were present. Bennie was their and Seth did not feel jealous when he walked up to Thankful and congratulated her with a kiss. There was no room for jealousy in his heart; his whole life seemed filled with rich colors of crimson and gold.

Hand in hand they shared the pleasures and sorrows of a long life. First a little girl had come to them—they named her Thankful; then a little boy—he was named after his father. They had grown to be big children when little Bennie was born. Bennie was their baby; over his cradle hung the mother's prayers and the father's fondest hopes. But he, like the others, grew up a great, noble boy, full of manly promise. His heart was big enough for mother, father, brother, sister and country, and when the war broke out he was among the first to volunteer.

They heard from him at Fortress Monroe. He was made a lieutenant at Vicksburg; then came a long pause—an agony of waiting, which was ended one morning by finding Bennie's name among the list of the dead at Lookout Mountain.

A great hot tear crept slowly from under the closed lids of the man; another was just forcing egress, when a soft, soothing hand was placed gently on his head, and a kind face crowned with a glory of silver white hair was pressed close to his and kissed it away.

A chorus of "Grandpa, grandpa the turkey is already for the table; why grandpa has been dreaming," and Gilbert and Mary, Horace and Helen climbed upon his lap and covered his face with Thanksgiving greetings. But Grandpa Thankful, standing over them, knew that it was not all a dream that had caused the tear to glisten on the dear eyelids; and she tenderly took one hand, while the children clamored for the other and led the little Seth of her childhood to his place at the head of the table, and listened reverently to his fervent heart's outpouring and soft "Amen."—*Kansas City Herald.*

What He Discovered.

A handsomely dressed young woman entered a crowded street car. A long-whiskered old fellow, wearing a dingy slouch hat and a suit of home-spun clothes got up and said:

"Miss, take my seat. I don't look as well as these here gentlemen"—nodding at several men—"but I've discovered that I've got more politeness."

The young woman sat down without thanking the old fellow; and, slyly winking at a woman whom she knew, whispered:

"How do you like my gallant country hoosier? Don't you think that he would cut quite a figure in a dime museum?"

"Miss," said the old fellow with a smile which clearly bespoke his unconsciousness of the unladylike ridicule, "I b'lieve I left my pocketbook thar on that seat. Will you please git up a minute?"

The young woman got up. The old fellow sat down, and, stroking his whiskers, remarked:

"B'lieve I'll jest keep on a settin' here, Miss. I stood up so much at the dime museum jest now that I'm sorter tired. I've got a little more politeness than these here gentlemen but I have discovered that I ain't got nigh so much sense."—*Arkansas Traveler.*

California Forests.

Not many States had originally as valuable forests as California. While we lack the hard woods of the East, we have other timber of greater value. The natural facilities for preservation of timber here are unexcelled. We, might by proper foresting, have preserved the original acreage in on-coming timber of the valuable varieties, of which California has a natural monopoly. Whenever we save a tree from wanton destruction, we are preserving also the climatic characteristics which draw the world's attention to California. We need a federal forestry law, supplemented by the keenest of State supervision. Other States are ahead of us in re-foresting, while they are abreast of our negligence in preserving the forests which they found grown. Like us, they have fallen upon the timber as if it were a public enemy, and unlike us they have learned to plant a sapling when they fell a tree. We are not without the light of experience on the subject. Older countries are painfully repairing the results of wholesale forest destruction, and their processes are not patented.—*Alta California.*

He Was Like the Moon.

A plain spoken country preacher in Texas was called upon to make a few remarks at the grave of a man who was somewhat unpopular, and who during his life was much addicted to drink. The preacher fulfilled his task in the following words:

"With what shall I compare the deceased remains? Shall I compare him with the sun? No never. The sun blinds people with its brilliancy. The deceased never blinded anybody with his brilliancy. Shall I compare him with the stars? No, not with the stars that can only be seen at night. Our late friend could be seen both day and night, at the saloons. I think, on the whole, we had better compare him with the moon. The moon gets full every once in a while, and so did the deceased. I've heard that the moon borrows its light and so did the remains, for he smoked a great deal and was always letting his cigar go out. Peace to his ashes."—*Texas Siftings.*

Viewed Anatomically.

Little Edna is a Bangor young lady and her Auntie Alice would teach her a useful lesson: "Now, Edna, you must always obey your parents, for there was a disobedient man once who was turned into a fourfooted beast and made to eat grass like an ox."

Little Edna—Did they give him four feet, Auntie?

Auntie Alice—Yes, my darling. Little Edna—What did he do for a tail?—*Bangor Commercial.*

DOMESTIC HINTS.

FRUIT CAKE.

Eight cups of flour, six cups sugar, three cups butter, two cups milk (clabber preferred), twelve eggs, four teaspoonfuls cream of tartar, two teaspoonfuls soda, two pounds seeded raisins, two pounds of currants, half pound thinly sliced citron, flour the raisins to prevent them from settling. Flavor with cloves, allspice, cinnamon, ginger and mace to suit the taste; bake four hours. Mix sugar and butter and beat it to light cream, then add milk and yolks of eggs, then the spices and lastly the whites and fruits.

BREAD OMELET.

One cup of sweet milk, one cup of fine bread crumbs without crust, a little salt and pepper, beat all together; add two well beaten eggs, put in a frying-pan a small lump of butter, let it melt and run all over the pan; pour in the omelet, cook gently until it sets (about fifteen minutes), loosen the edges and fold one half over the other; now put on a hot plate to fit the pan, hold firmly and turn the pan over; it will come out nice and whole.

SPONGE CAKE.

One pint sugar, one pint flour, one tablespoon vinegar, one tablespoon water, eight eggs, one teaspoon lemon or vanilla extract. Mix vinegar, water and sugar, add the yolks of the eggs and beat till light. Beat the whites separately and add. After these ingredients are thoroughly mixed, stir in the flour slowly, add one teaspoon vanilla or lemon, and bake in one large or two small tins. The oven should be moderately heated.

TEA CAKE.

One cup of sugar, one tablespoonful of butter, three eggs; beat well together, then add a cup of sweet milk (you may use part water) and a quart of sifted flour, into which you have mixed a spoonful of cream of tartar and one-half a teaspoonful of soda; bake in a quick oven. It is improved by sprinkling sugar over the top (before baking). This will make two cakes, which are best when eaten warm.

ROLLS.

One quart of flour, two ounces butter well rubbed together, one well beaten egg, a little salt, two teaspoonfuls baking powder well dissolved, and as much milk as required to make a stiff batter; beat it well, set to rise; when light, roll out thin, cut into gums, brush edge with melted butter, fold them over, place in pans separated a little, let them stand awhile to rise again, and bake.

CORN BREAD.

Mix together thoroughly by putting through a sieve or other wire one pound of Indian meal and 1½ pounds of wheat flour, two ounces of baking powder and a tablespoonful of salt; then beat together three ounces of sugar, three ounces of butter and four eggs; add this to flour and make a stiff batter, using warm milk in Winter and cold in Summer; bake in small tins.

CREAM CAKE.

One cup white sugar, 1½ cups flour, three eggs beaten separate and very light, two tablespoons water, one teaspoon baking powder. Bake in two cakes. Cream: One pint milk, one cup sugar, one-half cup butter, three eggs, two tablespoons flour, lemon extract. Cut each cake and fill with the cream.

CORN STARCH.

One pint of milk, three whites of eggs, three tablespoonfuls of corn starch, three tablespoonfuls of sugar; boil the milk, add the other ingredients, and pour in mould. Make a custard of one pint of milk, three yolks of eggs and three tablespoonfuls of sugar; flavor. Add boiled milk, and when ready to serve, pour around the white part.

CUP PUDDING.

Break an egg in a coffee-cup and beat thoroughly, then add one tablespoonful of flour and a pinch of salt; pour on milk till the cup is nearly full, then beat again and place in oven and bake twenty minutes. Eat while it is hot, with a sauce made with the whites of eggs and sugar beaten together till stiff.

LOBSTER SALAD.

One can of lobster, chopped fine, twelve hard-boiled eggs, chopped fine, one cup of vinegar, one tablespoonful of mustard, one-half teaspoonful of pepper, small piece of butter, one-half cup of cream, two raw eggs, well beaten; heat until boiling; mix with lobster and eggs, and lay on lettuce leaves.

The Chrysanthemum Craze.

We have borrowed many tasteful decorations from the Japanese, but none so beautiful as this graceful, poetic blossom, so feathery and so delicately tinted, and of such a pungent, woody odor that it would seem as though their odd shaped gods whom we see pictured on porcelain and lacquered ware must have had a divine inspiration in fashioning it and giving it to mortals. The imperial fans of the royal household in Japan bear exquisite designs of the chrysanthemum in gorgeous coloring. It is the flower par excellence in all seasons of the year "in the land of flowers." The seeds of the chrysanthemum were carried to England by some traveler years since, where the flower has gradually grown into immense favor, taking the place of the velvet leaved dahlia and other autumnal flowers, until the liking for it has become a national craze, and the chrysanthemum shows in London are patronized by all lovers of flowers and the fashionable world at large. On our own side of the globe the Boston people, being imitative of English fashions, were the first to catch the craze for chrysanthemums, and their florists given some wonderful exhibitions of these flowers, arranging them in masses of color or harmonious combinations in their beautiful Horticultural Hall, on Tremont street.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

A Dakota editor got mad at the postmaster for calling his paper "second-class matter."—*Chicago Journal.*

A Unique Church.

The most singular looking church to be found in New England is located in Lancaster, Mass. This edifice is fifty-two feet long by thirty wide. The walls are half of rough stone and half of wood, each five feet in height, making it ten foot from the ground to the eaves. The roof is of the common kind, without a tower, steeple or belfry. The entrance is at one corner of a highly ornamental porch and vestibule, surmounted by a gable of a beautiful design. No description of the auditorium can give any idea of its richness of color, its beauty or its coziness. It is not made so by stained glass windows, shedding "a dim, religious light" over the room, nor yet by imitations of frescoes that disfigure many churches. There is a harmony of all its appointments that must feed the most fastidious, and feel at "ease in Zion" as soon as you take your seat there.

The pulpit, the pews, and the ceiling from floor to roof, and the window sash and window folding blinds are all of black cherry from a single tree that stood on the site of this church. The roof is supported by truss work of beams of white wood, partly arched and open to the apex, and stained of cherry color to correspond with the work below. This cherry wood is very wavy and curly, and when polished and varnished is superior to any of our native woods. At the west end of the church there is a large Sunday school room and library finished in the same style. It is said that from the first day ground was broken for this building to its completion ten years ago no profane word was heard from any workman. The church stands out in a beautiful lawn, partly surrounded with evergreen shrubbery, and attracts a good deal of attention on account of its oddity.

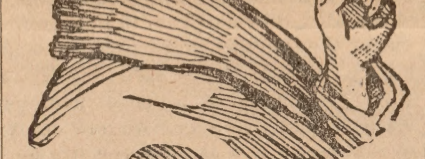
It is amusing to hear remarks of strangers when passing this church. "It is a mill? a shop? Perhaps it's a silo. Maybe it's an incubator for hatching chickens." This is a Swedish-borgian church.—*Cor. Rutland, (Vt.) Herald.*

Mother—You must put your dolly away to-day, Flossie. It's Sunday, you know. Flossie—It's just playing she's dead, mamma, and we're having a funeral.—*New York Sun.*

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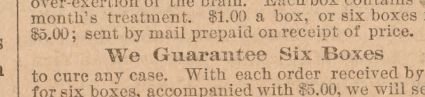
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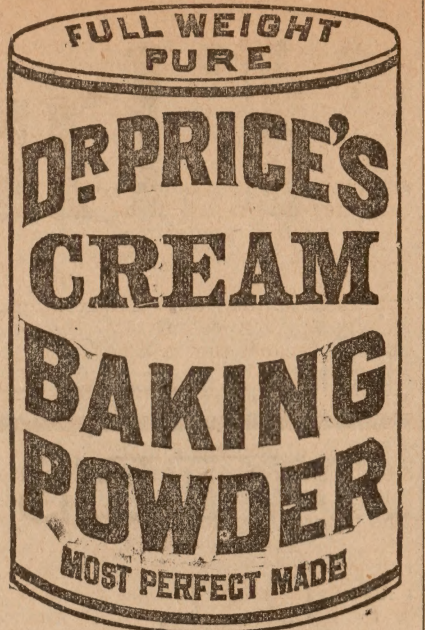
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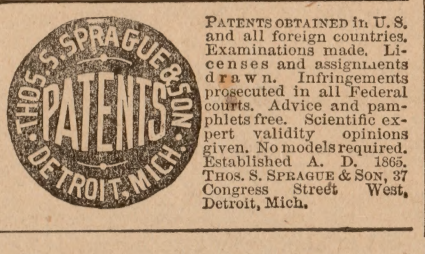


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MICHIGAN.

Condensed Reports of the Latest News from all Parts of the State

—Caro is taking steps toward securing a woolen-mill.

—Twenty men are employed in the two hoop shops at Merrill.

—A local option law was adopted in Van Buren county Thursday.

—A party of forty Hollanders arrived in Grand Rapids, Wednesday, and will settle down in that city.

—Revenue collections in upper peninsula foot up to \$100,000 this year, against \$70,000 last season.

—Edward Jones, a Muskegon insurance agent, left his home last Friday, and has not been seen since.

—The Lawton public schools and all public meetings have been suspended owing to the prevalence of scarlet fever.

—The State Board of Health has issued a program for a sanitary convention to be held at Albion, December 6 and 7.

—Genesee county people say that recent rains have not raised water in their wells, and fear there will not be enough to water stock during winter months.

—Rev. Dr. Kaskell, who resigned the pastorate of the Baptist Church at Ann Arbor a few days ago, will permanently retire after March next from active ministerial work.

—Charles Wright, Maj. Kelly, David Hillis, and the latter's two younger brothers narrowly escaped drowning near Port Austin while attempting to take some four away from the stranded steamer Osceola.

During the season just ended the Duluth, South Shore & Ashland has shipped 53,091 tons of ore to local furnaces. Lake shipments from Lake Superior mines are now ended, the total shipments being 4,396,635 tons, on increase over last year of 903,449 tons.

—The young people of Belleville are talking strongly of forming a young people's literary and dramatic society. Such a venture on the part of the young people would be a profitable as well as entertaining means of spending the long dreary hours of a winter's evening.

—The Gig Saddle Manufacturing Company has been organized at Jackson with a capital of \$50,000. The following are the stockholders: Hovey Bros., J. M. Quilley, W. H. Withington, H. A. Hayden, C. C. Bloomfield, A. B. Robinson, G. W. A. Dodge, J. F. Sammons, Jas. O'Donnell.

—The report sent out from Detroit Sunday that the two sons of Senator Jones had left town having abandoned all hopes of getting their father away, was not true, but as the Probate Court declares its inability to deal with the matter, it is difficult to see what the sons can do.

—For sale—on long time, at your own figure—a cow, warranted to kick harder, reach farther, and to perform the operation with greater exactness and upon more intransigent occasions than any other cow in Michigan. Regarding this cow we know whereof we speak.—*Pan Pan Courier.*

—A deer was seen in the vicinity of the village of Dundee one day last week, and every gun owner straightway came down with the buck fever. The animal is supposed to have been looking for the Dundee hunters, who went north a few weeks ago, and at sight of a bear, made tracks for home.

—The District Convention of the W. C. T. U. for the Third District, convened at Marshall Tuesday afternoon with a full attendance of delegates. Mrs. Lathrop of Jackson, entertained a large audience at the Presbyterian church in the evening, choosing as her subject, "Experiments and Settlement." She handled her subject in a satisfactory manner to the audience.

—Sidney Wheeler was arrested at Kalamazoo on a charge of arson. He was building a house and unable to complete it. It was discovered to be on fire one night recently, and Wheeler was seen leaving the premises. To a question he replied that he had been to see what was the matter. The insurance policy was canceled the next day. Wheeler is considered deranged.

—Between 6 and 7 o'clock Wednesday morning the residence of George P. Cornell, near the outskirts of Big Rapids, took fire from a stove and was burned to the ground, the fire department being unable to reach it with water. The most of the contents were also burned. Loss to building and contents about \$3,000, with \$1,700 insurance on house and \$300 on furniture.

—The occasion of D. F. Glidden's removal to Detroit was recognized by the Knights of Pythias, of Big Rapids, Tuesday night, when they formally presented him with a series of resolutions, and at a supper later in the evening gave him a Supreme Representative's gold emblem. Mr. Glidden has been for years an active member of the order, and is Past Grand Chancellor of Michigan.

Albert W. Hammer of Ypsilanti, was convicted at Flint, Thursday, on a charge of fraudulently obtaining the signature to a promissory note. This is the first case in this state under this statute as applied to the Bohemian art swindle, and has created great interest throughout the state. This conviction will create consternation among the Bohemian art dealers, in whose midst can be found many heretofore respectable and wealthy men.

—The jury in the case of the mysterious death of L. K. Shaw, which occurred near Romeo on Thursday last, still continues to meet, but finds nothing out. By the direction of the Prosecuting Attorney of Macomb county, the stomach of the deceased has been sent to a competent chemist for analysis. The jury will meet again on Saturday, when the analysis will be received and a verdict given. D. N. Lowell, of Romeo, has charge of the case.

—For several weeks past a man has terrorized women in the eastern part of Detroit by pinching them on the body. He would suddenly dart into a crowd, grab a woman, pinch her vigorously, and then run away. A man named John Ward was arrested on a charge of attacking and pinching a lady living on St. Aubin avenue, having previously gone to her house and asked for something to eat. Ward denies the charge.

charge. The police think they have now found the pincher.

—Dr. Eugene Curtis, of Dowagiac, has been convicted in the United States Court here for selling liquor without a license, and fined \$100.

A company of poker players were accustomed to meet in the doctor's office and play for fun. The latter claimed that they drank, but at his expense. Others claimed that those who drank deposited a chip in the bank for each drink, and that if the chips were not put up no drinks were forthcoming. Finally one man lost heavily and complained because the cash he lost was not returned. Then the doctor was arrested for selling liquor without a United States license.

—A lot of drunken Finlanders raised a disturbance last Monday night in the saloon of Oscar Field, Negaunee. The proprietor ordered one Jacob Terman to leave his house. Terman refused to go, and a general row began. In the melee Terman was struck on the head by a heavy club in the hands of Field, crushing in his skull. The matter was kept so quiet that the police had great difficulty in locating the perpetrators of the deed, but Monday Field was placed under arrest for the assault. Terman lingered until Tuesday morning when he died. Field will now be held for murder. He is a hard character, about 30 years of age. His examination took place Wednesday.

—The Latest Occupation for Women. Among the many occupations invented by impecunious women as a means of support, probably the most original is that of a woman of thirty, who had been for several years at the head of her father's luxurious establishment, and learned through experience the art of entertaining his many friends at dinner. Left suddenly an orphan, and without a cent to call her own, she began to eke out a living in her mind for some means of earning her own living. She was not much of a musician and she did not have either knack or desire to teach what languages she knew. She couldn't write or paint, and in fact, she found it difficult to find within herself any knowledge sufficiently exact to be worth money enough to support her. "If I only knew one thing thoroughly," she cried, "but the only thing I know is how to give dinner parties. I know that exactly and completely, but the question is how to get dinners, not how to give them." Thinking the matter over in every light a sudden inspiration came to her; there were numbers of people who could give dinners who didn't know how to and she might teach them. She told her idea to her friends, and they encouraged her by employing her on such occasions, and relieving themselves of infinite care and worry thereby. Her method was this: She went to the intended dinner-giver the day before the dinner was to be given, and discussed ways and means. The day of the dinner she ordered all the flowers, favors, and dinner cards, arranged them herself, got the dining-table in proper condition, saw that all the changes of plates and silver were ready, and, like a major-general, stood and gave her orders until dessert was served, upon which she drew a sigh of relief, put on her gloves, and slipped away. Soon her patients increased, when the people who employed her found her clever and original ideas she had, and how entirely she lifted all care and responsibility from their shoulders. She made a business of getting all the latest ideas from the florists, the caterers, the china-shops, and the restaurants, and applied them while they were new, and after she became interested in the work, began to develop all sorts of original inspirations.—*New York World.*

How the Governor Got Even. An old citizen, of high social and official standing in St. Joseph, tells a story of the famous Missouri governor, Bob Stewart, which is true to the letter, proves that fact is stranger than fiction.

"I was coming up the Missouri river when I was a boy," said the ex-governor, "and I was working my way on a steamboat. At a point where we had to wood up I didn't carry as big a load as some of the roustabouts, nor move with that agility that the others did, for I was not strong and had been tenderly raised. The mate became enraged at my slow movements on the gang-plank, and he gave me a kick and sent me ashore, and confiscated my buffalo robe as payment for my passage to that point. I never saw that mate again until I had been in the governor's office for some time. One day, wandering through the wards and districts of the penitentiary, I saw that mate working at a forge. He had been sent there for killing, in a passion, a man under his command. I knew him instantly, and I directed the warden to send the man to the gubernatorial mansion in the garb of a gentleman. When the man arrived I took him into my private office and asked him if he recognized me. He replied that he did. Said I: 'Do you remember one time, at such and such a place, of kicking a boy and sending him ashore who had been working in your gang?'"

"But said: 'No, I don't remember it; but it is very likely that I did it.'"

"Well, says I, I am that boy, and here is your pardon. I always thought I would get even with you."

"The tears came to the old man's eyes and he said: 'Well, governor, to be a mate in those days a man had to be a dog.'"

"You played well your part," I said, "now leave here and don't let me see you again."

"As he made his exit I gave him an able-bodied kick, and little Bob Stewart had got even with that big steamboat mate."

"Sounds like a romance, doesn't it? Yes. But every word is true, I need barely say, sir."—*St. Joseph Gazette.*

Tarantula Bitten. A boy living in Gilroy Valley, Cal., was bitten four times by a tarantula, which was concealed in the trousers of an undershirt, which he was trying to put on. His father at once killed a turkey, ripped it open and placed the boy's arm inside. The warm flesh drew the poison from the wounds and the boy's life was saved.

One hundred farmers' institutes will be held this winter in Ohio as part of the commemoration of the one hundredth anniversary of the founding of the state.

FACT AND FANCY.

Rochester, N. Y., has named a street after Gladstone.

Wood is dearer in New Hampshire now than for many years.

A New York brewer gives his workmen forty kops of beer a day.

At Barre, Vt., the granite industry furnished 1,182 men with employment.

The prohibitionists of Connecticut will hold a state convention at New Haven Dec. 7.

The degree of master of arts was recently conferred on five young ladies by the Royal University of Ireland.

A solid cut-glass bedstead, richly worked, was lately made at Birmingham, England, for a Calcutta millionaire.

The crop of acorns in Georgia is the finest ever seen by the oldest inhabitant. Hogs are getting very fat in the woods.

In southern Arizona business of all kinds is increasing in volume, and the mining and cattle industries are assuming large proportions.

The most ancient agricultural society in the United States was organized by South Carolina. It was founded in 1784, and is therefore 103 years old.

At Cleveland, O., is a Froebel school composed of young ladies, which holds monthly meetings in the interest of kindergarten work and supports a free kindergarten.

A question is being discussed in Mobile, Ala., as to whether it is the city's duty to pay a city attorney for defending a councilman of one of the wards in a suit of trespass.

John Sheiriffs, who died at St. George, Me., the other day, left neither wife nor heirs, and as a result the state treasury will be \$50,000 better off, he having left that amount of money.

The male escort has come out of fashion among the women of New York. At the theater the other night were seen nine parties composed of young women protected by a matron.

An editor of a San Diego (Cal.) paper gives the proprietor of a rival sheet the following: "We came from the heroic stock of Daniel Boone, and in our veins there flows no drop of craven blood."

Seamless wood floor piping and tubing, recently invented in New York, is said to be impervious to acids and moisture, and practically indestructible.

The faculty of the university of Pennsylvania has forbidden smoking in the students' rooms, the hallways, etc., and now the students are agitating for a smoking-room on the university premises.

Says The *Advertiser* (Ala.) *Flat Blast*: A recently-brought suit for damages was compromised yesterday for \$11,000. The attorneys in the case are happy in the possession of one-half of the amount as their fee.

Quite a feat was performed by an English steamer tug recently. It towed the broken-down steamer Westphalia from the Grand Canary Islands to Hamburg, a distance of eighteen hundred miles in eleven days.

A pneumatic clock company is a new thing in Paris, which takes charge of a number of clocks, regulating them by air power. When the pipes get out of order, which happens about twice a week, a large part of Paris is timesed.

The Saturday half-holiday is but little respected in the city of New York. Banks and commercial exchanges are the places that pay no attention to it, and they are now preparing a petition to the legislature asking for its repeal.

A letter was sent through the Charlotte (N. C. E.) postoffice recently which bore the following unique postscript: "Deliver it to no one else ask the post office to lift his hat you will see a large Bald Spot on the Side of his head!"

A pious crank at San Jose, Cal., is asking all the religious and temperance organizations in the country to "file protests, to be presented to Senator Stanford, asking him to endow his university with money derived from some other source than the product of the vine."

Three old men died at Bradford, Vt., last week. They were: R. M. Kent, aged 84 years; Edwin Fuller, 86; and Joshua Greer, 96. For many years the latter pursued the business of a driver, and was well known all over the northern New England States.

Americans who went to England this year to enjoy pleasant weather missed it by a great many months. While in America the autumn has been unusually pleasant, England for the past two months has had an extraordinary amount of cutting east wind, and a hard winter has already set in.

"It would be well," remarks the *Jackson (Ga.) Argus*, "for the Baptist church authorities to repair the belfry of that church so as to prevent its being made an asylum for pigeons. Religious war-hip is often disturbed by this ridiculous noise, and we hope it will be properly looked after."

The days of the small shopkeeper, who only buys at third or fourth hand in small quantities without any command of market, are considered numbered in London; owing to the continued development of co-operation. An enormous amount of solid capital is being used in antagonism to retail competitors.

Cyrus De Forest, a farmer at North Wilton, Conn., has a novel birthday party and gift annually. A swarm of bees at this time enter the house in a very noisy way, and take possession of the space between the ceiling and floor. Last year he reaped a harvest of seventy-six pounds of honey and this year seventy-nine. The bees are killed each year, but a new swarm returns the next season.

In Pike county, Ohio, there are four hundred driven wells on which a \$10 royalty was said to be due. Wednesday morning the town of Waverly was filled with farmers who had come to settle with the agents, when they were shown the copy of a patent recently granted by Judge Blatchford, declaring the patent invalid. The farmers then went home considerably richer in pocket than the expected to be.

At Minneapolis Tuesday noon B. F. Farnham, a nursery agent, was walking along the street when a revolver dropped from his overcoat pocket, struck the walk, and was discharged, its contents entering his boot, killing him instantly. About 3 o'clock of the same day Israel Markley, a wealthy stock and grain dealer, was working in the tunnel of his mill when a heavy weight fell upon him. There is little hope of his recovery.

The northern part of Maine is about as valuable to this country as Alaska was twenty years ago. It is a howling wilderness, sparsely settled, and so far as known, possesses nothing that should induce anyone to go there with the hopes of making money. It lies north of the line of New Hampshire and Vermont and is considerably farther north than the city of Quebec. Some Canadians think it should be made a part of the Dominion, but why they want it is not easily understood.

Delaware's judicial system is as bad as the legislative system is undemocratic, says a Dover letter. There is a judge appointed by the governor for each district, and a chancellor, who has exclusive equity jurisdiction all over the state, and a chief justice who presides over the law courts. The court of each county consists of the two judges of the two counties and the chief justice. The only appeal is to all of the judges sitting in banc, so that practically the only chance an appellant has is to persuade the judges to change their minds and reverse their own decisions in the court below. The judges hold office for life, never resign, and they live so long that it is considered a long life lease to get an appointment on the bench. As at present constituted, when a New Castle county court is in session it consists of a chief justice nearly 80 years of age, and two associate judges, one of whom is 85 years old and the other is unable to hear.

An Invention for Windmills.

Windmills are a very ancient invention, but are not of much practical value in a country where fuel is cheap, from the extreme irregularity of the wind upon which they depend. It is hoped that a remedy for this defect has been found by the Duc de Feltrino in the transformation of the surplus energy of windy weather by causing it to drive a dynamo, thus converting it into electricity, with which he charges batteries of storage cells. These in turn can be utilized to drive the machinery in time of calm. Any such plan is of course attended by a very large waste of power, but when the original quantity is so enormous as it is in a gale of wind, waste is a matter of very little moment. Before the world is many generations older more attention will have to be given to the question of yoking the great forces of nature to our machinery, and utilizing the enormous energy of the winds, waves, and tides, not to mention water-power, and the direct radiation from the sun.

Our store of available coal will doubtless last for many a long day to come, but we ought not to forget that we are a race of spendthrifts, living on our capital, and that we must not miss an opportunity of economizing the limited resources of our estate.—*London Daily News.*

Remarkable Engineering Feat.

Near Sing Sing, N. Y., about three years ago two forty-pound lumps of lead were suspended by piano string wires in each of two holes, 400 feet deep, and a lot of engineers sighted across the lower parts of the wires in each hole to get the exact direction in which to bore a tunnel through the rock so that the tunnels should meet each other 3,000 feet away. The holes were 6,000 feet apart, and they marked the ends of a section of the new Crotonaqueduct. Last Saturday morning two drills working toward each other met, end to end. For several weeks the men knew that they were getting near to each other. The engineers' figures had predicted it, but the clear rapping of the drills told a plain and plainer story every day, and for several days the men have been able to make their voices heard, although there was fifteen or twenty feet of solid rock between them. This rock was the last barrier in a 6,000-foot section, and it was blasted away by piece until this marvelous triumph of engineering skill was brought about. The drills were run by compressed air at a high pressure.

The Highest Church in Europe.

The very highest church in Europe is the pilgrimage chapel of St. Maria de Zitel, above Saluz, in the Canton de Graubunden. It lies 2,434 metres above the sea level—nearly 8,000 feet high, above the forest, near the limits of the glacier, and is only open during the summer months. The region, or, as the folks thereabouts reckon, from St. John the Baptist's Day to St. Michael's Day, and is used only by the Alp herds, who remain there through the summer with their cows and goats, and occasionally by hunters in search of the chamois and marmot. All the inhabitants of Saluz climb up higher Midsummer-Day to assist at the first mass and hear the first sermon of the year, and there is also a crowded congregation Michaelmas-Day at the last service of the year. From time to time a few stray pilgrims from the Graubunden Oberland and the Tyrol find their way there. The second highest church probably in Europe—that of Monstein—also open only in the summer, belongs to Graubunden. At our visit the hale old preacher had five foreign tourists for his congregation.—*Bundner Tagblatt.*

The Nobleman and the Sweep.

Father Ignatius, preaching in London, told the following story: Not very long ago a nobleman in Belgravia, as he was passing from his door to his carriage, encountered a sweep who had been sweeping his chimneys, and the sweep had the courage to look up and say: "Christ's salvation!" Two months later the nobleman was dying, and he sent for this sweep, and from him received the knowledge of God by the power of the Holy Ghost. The nobleman wept for joy, and as he died fell asleep in the ark of the covenant, possessed of the unsearchable riches of Christ. This, said Father Ignatius, was a perfectly true story, and he had related it as an illustration because he wanted to bring home to their hearts the poverty of the world.

A Dance in Kamtschatka.

A dance had just ceased as we arrived, and we took our seats in placid ignorance of what was in store for us. Presently the squeak of the fiddle was heard, and instantly the ladies rushed in search of partners. There was a great move in the direction of the two Swedes and the rest of the party, and as became a modest old bachelor I prepared to faire tapissier with the papas and mammas. But it was destined to be otherwise, for on raising my eyes I found that two fair damsels were suing for the honor of my hand.

The young women were not beautiful. They were, however, there was no time to be lost. The Swedish hunter, the American "nigger," and the tall swede were already hard at it, and slipping my arm around the waist of the nearest fair one I plunged blindly into the dance. The affair was simply enough at first. The dance merely consisted in shuffling slowly round the room side by side, the gentleman with his left arm free, the lady accompanying the music with a sort of monotonous chant. Time was of no particular object and smoking was permitted, and as we had partaken neither of the cranberries nor the corn-brandy, we felt as well as could be expected under the circumstances. It was not for long, however. Suddenly the music stopped, everybody clapped hands, and short and stern the order rang out in Russian: "Kise!" There are moments when even the stoutest spirit quails. I turned a despairing glance at my partner and my heart sank within me. All hope was gone! We all know how in moments of supreme emotion the most trivial details become indelibly stamped upon the mind. The scene is now before me. I saw the red-haired sail-hunter bend down to meet his fair like a hero, his green tie dangling in the air. I saw a gallant officer who had served her Majesty in many climes struggle nobly to the last. Slowly my partner's arms dragged me down * * * The lips stole upward. I nerved myself for a final effort * * * and all was over! Before the next dance I had fled.—*The Cruise of the Marchesa.*

Consumption Surely Cured.

To the Editor:—Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy free to any of your readers who have consumption if they will send me their Express and P. O. address. Respectfully,

T. A. SLOCUM, M. D., 181 Pearl St., N. Y.

The Lewiston, (Me.) Journal asserts that Nathaniel Hawthorne spelled his last name "Hawthorn" when he was in Bowdoin college.

"Yes; I shall break the engagement," she said folding her arms and looking defiant; "it is really to much trouble to converse with him; he's as deaf as a post, and talks like he had a month of amnesia. Besides, the way he hawks and spits is disgusting." Don't break the engagement for that; tell him to take Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy. It will cure him completely. "Well, I'll tell him. I do hate to break off, but in all other respects he's quite too alarming." Of course it cured his catarrh.

"Cheekered Career" John A. Joyce has become the editor of a publication at Leadville, Col.

Ladies! Those dull tired looks and feelings speak volumes. Dr. Kilmer's FEMALE REMEDY corrects all conditions, restores vigor and vitality and brings back youthful bloom and beauty. Price \$1.00—6 bottles \$5.00.

The postoffice department has commissioned a man named Snow as postmaster at Waterport, Me.

Excursion to Florida.

Our Grand Excursion to Florida will leave Chicago January 2d, 1888; parties going with us will get benefit of cheapest rates, and best accommodations en route. Send your name and address to M. Solomon, Gen'l Agt. Florida Southern R. R., 232 South Clark St., Chicago, and receive particulars.

At Titusville, Fla., one day recently, a telegrapher sent 58 words in 14 minutes—an unprecedented feat.

CATARRH CURED.

A clergyman, after years of suffering from that loathsome disease, Catarrh, and vainly trying every known remedy, at last found a prescription which completely cured and saved him from death. Any sufferer from this dreadful disease sending a self addressed stamped envelope to Prof. J. A. Lawrence, 212 East 9th St., New York, will receive the recipe free of charge.

John G. Whittier will celebrate his eightieth birthday on the 17th of next month.

Remarkable Surgery.

The science of surgery has made such wonderful progress in modern times, that the most intricate and delicate operations are now undertaken and carried to a successful issue. There are now several well authenticated cases of what is known as pneumothorax, that is to say, the removal of diseased portions of the lungs in cases of consumption. While, however, this delicate operation has been successfully performed, the risks attending it are so great, and the chances of recovery so slight, that it is seldom resorted to. The safest plan in consumptive cases is to use Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery.

This will always cure the disease in its earlier stages, thoroughly arresting the ravages of the terrible mady, by removing its cause and healing the lungs.

It is estimated that \$2,500,000 of Buffalo capital is now invested in building new lake vessels for next season.

Fits.—All Fits stopped free by Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. No Fits after first day's use. Nervous Restorer. Treatise and \$2.00 trial bottle free. Fit cases. Send to Dr. Kline, 631 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

A tower now being erected on the highest point of the Mount of Olives by the Russians will be so high that the Mediterranean and Red seas may be seen from the top of it.

THE FOLLOWING WORDS, IN PRAISE OF DR. PIERCE'S FAVORITE PRESCRIPTION AS A REMEDY FOR THOSE DELICATE DISEASES AND WEAKNESSES Peculiar to women, must be of interest to every sufferer from such maladies. They are fair samples of the spontaneous expressions with which thousands give utterance to their sense of gratitude for the inestimable boon of health which has been restored to them by this world-famed medicine.

"JOHN E. SEGAR, of Millenbeck, Va., writes: 'My wife had been suffering for two or three years with female weakness, and had been out one hundred dollars to physicians without relief. She took Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, and in a few days she was all the medicine given to her by the physicians. She has been practicing upon her.'"

Mrs. GEORGE HAZARD, of Westfield, N. Y., writes: 'I was a great sufferer from leucorrhoea, bearing-down pains, and pain continuing all across my back. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription restored me to perfect health. I treated with Dr. Kline's medicine without receiving any benefit. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is the greatest earthly boon to us poor suffering women.'

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"JOHN E

THURSDAY, DEC. 15, 1887.

THE SCIENCE OF TEACHING.

"Science" implies knowledge and the science of teaching, is only another way of expressing, "the how to do it." It does not imply that there is but one method as some teachers, by their practice, assert. A man is no mechanic unless he knows which way the grain lies and the strength and properties of the material on which he works. So when a teacher restricts his energy to one method, he forfeits his claim to be scientific. Science is broad and comprehensive, and method is only the alphabet of it. A teacher must be a student of human nature. The nature of a child must always determine the method. It is painful sometimes to watch the effect of teachers who have learned the science of education out of books and not less painful is it to the subject who submits to the method applied. Many a bright boy has become a slacker under the process. Many a grand possibility has lain dormant throughout life, because the teacher has failed to touch a sympathetic chord. Methods are as numerous as the peculiarities of children. If there are fifty holes, all of different shape, who would think of stopping them all with round plugs? There are fifty children before one teacher and that teacher is shut up to some one method that must apply to all of them. What is worse, that method is often given her by a superior who has never watched those children an hour in his life, and it often happens that the teacher is condemned and loses her

CHANCERY SALE.—STATE OF MICHIGAN.
Circuit Court for Washtenaw County in
Chancery. William Smith complainant vs.
John H. Goodrich and others defendants.
In pursuance of a decretal order of
the Court in Chancery made in the above
cause, will be sold at the direction of the
subscriber, public auction, at the front
door of the Court House, in the City of An
Arbor, Michigan, that being the place of holding
the day or days of the sale, to-wit: on
the 20th day of January, 1888, at nine o'clock
and thirty minutes in the forenoon. All the
land and premises in the County of Washtenaw,
County of Ypsilanti, County of Washtenaw, and
State of Michigan, and described as follows:
To-wit: Lot (6) in Clark's addition to the
village now city of Ypsilanti, according to
the original survey and plat of said addition.
Dated Dec. 5th 1887.

FRANK JOSLYN,
Circuit Court Commissioner.

ALEX. & McCORMICK,
Attorneys. Washtenaw Co. 442

Public Squares, east side; Branch
Office and Paint Depot, Worden
Block, Huron Street.

Shop on River Street.

Domestic and Foreign Fruits, Dressed Poultry, Oysters and other seasonable specialties, fresh and the best.

ON, December 6, 1887.

FARM TOPICS.

HOG KILLING SUGGESTIONS.
Hog-killing is usually deferred till pretty cold weather. It is at any time a mean, nasty job, and the more uncomfortable if there is alternation from the hot water of the scalding-tub to the freezing temperature outside. If possible, dressing the hogs should be done in a building sheltered from winds. Have all the implements ready before the work begins, so that there need be no unnecessary delays.

CLEANING PORK BARRELS.
Before putting up new pork it is very important to see that the barrel is perfectly sweet. The germs of decay if not entirely destroyed rapidly propagate when fresh material is given them to work on. Even salt in unlimited quantities will not save pork in the barrel in any way out of order. Barrels that have been used for packing beef are especially liable to get out of order, and had better be put to some other use than for keeping pork.

HORSES' FEET ON HARD PAVEMENTS.
Contrary to the natural impression, the very hard stone pavement in cities is not so hard on horses' feet as the smoother surface of equally hard asphalt. In the latter, the horses' shoes strike squarely upon the unyielding surface, with nothing to break the force of the blow. On cobble stone every few steps the small uneven surface hits the frog of the foot, slightly expanding it and thus diminishing the tendency to contracted hoof.

FARM SUPPLIES OF BOLTS AND CLEAVES.
We have sometimes thought every farmer should have a blacksmith shop. If this is unattainable he ought at least to supply himself with a full assortment of bolts, cleaves, wrenches and other iron were needed in making repairs to broken wagons or farm implements. Often with these he can repair the damage in less time than would be needed to run to the shop; and in a busy season the time saved is more than the money saving in cost of doing the work.

POTASH AND POTASH.
Mr. A. S. Fuller, in a discussion on fertilizers at the American Pomological Society, laid stress on the important fact that potash from feldspar is comparatively worthless, in fact, he don't believe it is worth anything as a fertilizer, while that from wood ashes, having been once through the plants, is valuable. Analysis shows that both are potash, but plants know better than to accept them alike. It is a point worth the attention of all cultivators who employ artificial manures.

GATES VS. BARS.
The old-fashioned bars formerly seen on farms as the openings to fields and lots are now seldom used. They have given way to gates, which if kept in order are every way superior. The gate may cost a little more to make at first, though it uses little more lumber than a pair of bars. The extra expense is for hinges and is far more than repaid by saving of time. Many of the old-fashioned farm methods were fearfully wasteful of the farmer's time and strength. It seemed to be thought it made little difference how hard or long he worked, provided a money saving was thereby effected.

THE ONION CROP.
The onion crop is said to be short all over the country. In Massachusetts the yield is small. The Connecticut crop is slight; the average yield on 800 acres is 100 barrels an acre, much below last Spring, and inferior in size and keeping quality. The onion-growing towns of New York generally report a small crop, and in Orange County the shortage is serious; the 250,000 acres of onions will produce some 350,000 bushels in all, against nearly 600,000 in 1885, which are now selling at \$2 per sack of 100 pounds. The New Jersey crop is also short. The same story comes from all over the west.

EARLY MATURING HOGS.
It may be well enough for Southern farmers to keep swine that require two or even three years to reach full growth. But whenever Northern cold prevails during six months of the year it is important that the hog should reach the fattening point in something less than a year. Animals all grow fastest when young, and not only that, but they make much the most growth for food consumed. Sows for breeding may profitably be kept three or four years if they prove good mothers. But all other hogs should be shielded from cold by putting them in the barrel early, just as if we loved them, and indeed we do.

BATTENING WITH STRAW.
Any farmer is inexorable, says the Weekly Press, who allows his stock to go into winter quarters poorly sheltered from storms. It does not need money to put up basement barns to secure warmth and comfort, though these, when obtainable, are best, and in the end probably the cheapest. Good temporary shelters are made with rough boards, or even poles set in double rows and filled in with straw. This costs little except labor, and for a year makes as warm a shelter as the expensive basement. By replenishing with straw the double row of poles or boards may be used several years. If stock will not pay for this care, the best thing to do is to sell it for anything it will bring.

WASTING WHEAT.
The cheapness of wheat should not induce wasteful feeding of it. By this we mean substituting it as stock feed where coarse grains would answer every purpose. Whole wheat is excellent for poultry, and as it is the best egg producing food in the world, what is fed to hens goes to men's stomachs nearly as surely as if it were ground and made into bread. But generally speaking, wheat is the grain best adapted to use for human food, and should be used exclusively for that. It is pretty certain that less corn bread is eaten anywhere in this country than there was a few years ago. The cheapness of wheat has caused its substitut-

tion for corn, rye and other grain. This also is true in other parts of the world, especially in India, where rice has heretofore been the staple food of the poor. When Indian ryots get to eating wheat bread in place of rice, that country will have taken an important step in adopting European or American civilization.

OVERSHIRTS FOR STABLE USE.
A correspondent of the Indiana Farmer writes: "Let every lady whose husband, brother or sons have the care of horses, see that each one is provided with two suitable overshirts of light bedticking, calico or other goods. These should be kept handy at the stable and after use left there. The grooms can then go to meals with no horse odor or stable taint about their clothes, and no loose hairs to be flying around. Many farmers are practicing this plan, and to my certain knowledge with perfect satisfaction. They say, aside from any horse odor, the sense of wearing clothes not permeated with filthy horse dust is worth more than all the expense and time of slipping on and off their overshirts. Another advantage in the wear of clothing. The dirtier it becomes and the more it has to be washed, the sooner it wears out. The extra wear of clothes will cost more than the overshirts. There are many other kinds of work for which such shirts are especially adapted. One of the best hands I ever employed was the most particular about keeping his clothes clean."

LIGHT-COLORED DRAIN TILE.
Whenever there is iron mixed with clay, tile or brick made from it will turn red by burning. This color is really rust, which the iron changes into when water in contact with it is evaporated. Farmers used to red tile or brick are naturally prejudiced against these of lighter color. Yet if these last are thoroughly burned they are as tough and durable as any others. In Milwaukee, Wis., the absence of iron in clay gives to the brick buildings of that city a singular cream-colored appearance. Years ago when laying tile we found occasional specimens of light color, but seemingly hard as the others. At first these were looked upon as suspicious, and only used at the outlets of drains, where their durability could be watched. Of course they chipped off by freezing when wet, as any tile does, but they stood the test as well as any others. Certainly the cream-colored brick of Milwaukee, though in a high northern latitude, where it has to endure severe cold in winter, is durable enough. On the whole it is doubtful whether color alone is any test of the value of tile.

QUARRELSOME BULLS.
The editor of the London Stock Journal writes as follows: An American contemporary has just reported a fight between a Shorthorn bull and a Clydesdale stallion, and expresses some surprise that the latter got the worst of it, being in fact, killed on the spot. Such encounters are, unfortunately, by no means unknown in England. Thrice have I known such quarrels to take place, and in each place the bull has come off victor. It is by no means uncommon for bulls in the heyday of youth to chase cattle, which flee before them, the bulls biting their heels and hindquarters as they run. A bull, a horned one at all events, will not run, and charges at the horse broadside with only too fatal a thrust. Having once come off "best" the bull will, when out of temper, attack inoffensive horses when grazing quietly. I recollect a man riding up on horseback to talk to a plowman, who was working a bull and an ox in the plow. The rider was sitting still on his horse, and the plow moving toward him was stopped for the noontime. The bull (which was perfectly quiet among men) as soon as loose from the plow charged the horse, and with one thrust caused the bowels to gush out. And then he walked quietly to the stable with his companion ox. It is not all right to leave a bull in the pasture where horses are. Sooner or later there is almost certain to be a quarrel, and although a bone broken may be the result to the bull from a kick, the more common result is a deadly wound in the stomach to the horse. In Mexico the roads are reported to be not infrequently impassable to horsemen and wagons through the attacks made on the teams by bulls.—*American Cultivator.*

An Inventive Genius.
Dexter H. Chamberlain, who died recently in Boston at the age of eighty, was one of the most prolific inventors of the past century, a large number of the leading mechanical inventions now in common use having found their birth in his fertile brain. Among Mr. Chamberlain's inventions may be noted a repeating rifle, introductory to the Sharp rifle and Colt's revolver; a machine for making hooks and eyes for dresses; the hand planer and power planer extensively used in all iron works; the spring blind roller which is now controlled by Harshorne, and out of which \$4,000,000 profits have been made; the kerosene lamp burner now in ordinary use; the self-dating stamp used all over the world; a leather-splitting machine which splits leather as fine as paper, and the auger and bit in common use by carpenters. The window blind roller patent was sold for \$800, and the others for equally low amounts. In all he patented some forty inventions, and generally disposed of them at very small sums, allowing the purchaser to reap the always rich harvest of his genius.—*Boston Commercial Bulletin.*

Her Curiosity Satisfied.
Lucy—"Are you the gentleman who is going to take sister to see Mrs. James Brown Potter, to-night?"
Mr. B.—Yes, dear. Why do you ask?"
Lucy—"O, nothing, only I heard her tell Ma she was going with a bore, and I wanted to see what he looked like."
—*Texas Siftings.*

LEARNING A BEAUTIFUL ART.

A Craze Among Women to Learn Faience Decoration—How It Is Taught.

"The craze for women just now," said a gentleman connected with a company that manufactures faience ware, is to show in their parlors pieces of decorated work done by themselves. So great has been the interest on the part of women in faience work and so many have been the applications for instruction in the art that we opened a school in the decoration department of our manufactory. It is only natural that the work the ladies desire to do is of the kind that we call fantastic work, which is the carrying out on pottery of designs of their own fancy, such as the transplanting of flowers, birds, and like subject. Orchids are very much in vogue for this sort of work. The beginner first does the decoration in color, and, after more experience, in gold."

"What are the requirements of a young woman necessary to begin this work?"
"And lady, young or old, who possesses a little aptitude for the work and an ordinary amount of industry and perseverance can become fairly proficient in a few lessons, even if she has done anything of the kind before. I don't mean to be understood as saying that she in this short period could produce what would be known as an art piece, but she could do something that she would not be ashamed of as a home ornament. Many ask me if it is necessary to have a knowledge of drawing in order to become proficient in decorating pottery. I tell them it is not. I know that in this we do not agree with many of the schools of decorative art, but nevertheless we believe that it is so and can furnish examples of fine work done in the art by women who knew nothing of drawing."

"What is your course of instruction?"
"The first thing to learn is the proper use of colors and brushes. The work is done chiefly in what is known as mineral colors. By the proper use of colors I mean the use of them in their unfired state, when they do not show the shades which they do after they have been put through the firing process. Then the pupil must learn the proper shading, so that she may not put the colors on too thin or too thick. Next comes what is known as rotation. This is the order in which the colors are to be used to admit of their being fired in proper succession. Certain colors require a greater degree of heat to melt them than others. Thus it is that those requiring the least heat must be both applied and fired last. After this is learned, painting in flat gold and colored bronzes is taken up. Flat gold is the term used for gold applied upon the body or surface of an article as distinguished from that of raised work. The last course in the instruction is the use of the paste which forms the basis of the raised work. The chief difficulty which the amateur has to overcome is the proper graduation of the quantity of paste and gold applied to the object, as the applying of either too little or too much will necessitate going over the entire work again."

"How long does it take a pupil to become thus proficient?"
"The first rudiments of china painting, by which I mean knowledge sufficient to enable the pupil to do a fair piece of work, can be learned in from six to twelve lessons. But a specially apt pupil can learn the whole art in twelve lessons. With lessons continuing three and four hours, it is evident that a great deal can be learned if proper attention is paid to all instructions. We have some amateurs in our school who are doing exceedingly good work decorating pieces that would be creditable ornaments in any parlor. Many of them are married women. All the pupils, after they discover what they can do and the rapid progress they can make in a short time, become most earnest and enthusiastic over their work. Four ladies come every day and work steadily from 11 o'clock in the morning to 4:30 in the afternoon. Two of them have decorated large vases of Egyptian design that were twenty-six inches high. The chief decoration on one of these was large roses and leaves in gold, and on the other a Dresden blue body with gold.

A Great Hay-Mow.
He came from Kokomo or Squashville, and as he alighted from a train at the Rock Island station yesterday it was evident that it was his first visit to a large city. The snorting of the engines, the cries of the hackmen, and the rumble of the trucks laden with baggage made him think of pandemonium. Behind him, hanging to his coat, walked his wife, who seemed the more self-possessed of the two. As they strode down the long platform the eyes of the stranger roamed about the huge building. He noted the great height of the roof, the vast space inclosed, stopped and grabbed his wife by the arm. "By Gosh," he exclaimed, "what a tarnation good hay-mow this ere would make!"—*Chicago Herald.*

Most Likely to be Read.
"I should really like to write something that would be read after I am dead," said a literary man who had had little success with his recently published works.
"Well, what's the matter with your writing your will?" replied a friend.
"I'll see that it is read after you are gone."—*Yonkers Statesman.*

A Valuable Deposit.
Hotel Clerk—No, sir, we can't accommodate you. You have neither baggage nor money.
"I know I haven't, but I came to town in a freight car and there is considerable coal dust in my hair."
"Well, comb it out carefully and that'll do."—*Nebraska State Journal.*

How Stoves are Put Up.

This being the season of the year when multitudes of people are adjusting their heating apparatus, preparing for cold weather, some will recognize their own experience in the following amusing description from *The American Artisan* of the way it is sometimes done:

In the first place, the man puts on an old and very ragged coat. Then he puts his hands inside the place where the pipe ought to go, and blackens his fingers, and then studiously makes a black mark down the side of his nose. Having got his nose properly freckled, the man grasps one side of the bottom of the stove, and his wife and the hired girl take hold of the other side, and in this way the stove is started from the woodshed to the parlor. In passing through the door, the man carefully swings his side of the stove around and jams his thumb nail against the door post. At last the stove is set down in the proper place, and the man and his wife and the hired girl set out in a triangular search after the stove legs. Two are finally found inside the stove, where they have remained since Spring, and the others are found hidden under four tons of coal. Then the old man holds up one side of the stove, while his wife puts two of the legs in place; then he holds up the other side, while the other two are being adjusted, and one of the first pair is displaced. The trick of getting the four legs into their proper place is practised with varying and indifferent results for some ten minutes, and by this time the man gets excited and reckless, and throws off his coat, regardless of the consequences.

Then the man goes for the stovepipe and gets a cinder in his eye. The stove was put up in good shape last year by the stove man but this year the pipe proves to be a little too long. So the man jams his hat down over his eyes, takes a piece of pipe under each arm, and starts for the tin shop to have it fixed. Then he comes back, steps his muddy boots into one of the best parlor chairs to see if the pipe will fit, when his wife makes him come down.

In the act of descending he plants his foot square down on the hollow of the cat's back, and comes within an ace of trampling the baby under foot. Then the old man gets an old chair from the kitchen and climbs up to the chimney opening again, and makes the startling discovery that in cutting off the end of the pipe, the tinner had made the pipe too large to enter the hole in the chimney. So the man goes into the backyard and splits one side of the end of the pipe with an old ax, and squeezes it between his hands until he makes it smaller.

Then the man gets the pipe into shape only to find that the stove does not stand true. Then the man and his wife and the hired girl move the stove to the left, and the legs fall out again. The legs are replaced and the stove moved to the right, and there is another seizure with the legs. Then the elbow is found not to be even with the hole in the chimney, and the man goes into the woodshed after some little blocks. Then the man and his wife and the hired girl essay to put the blocks under the legs, and the pipe comes out of the chimney. The pipe is replaced in the chimney hole, when the elbow commences to topple over. The man's wife is visibly agitated, and the man gets the dining-table out of the kitchen and balances an old chair on it, and makes his wife hold the chair while he performs acrobatic feats on the grand combine, in an effort to drive some nails into the ceiling during which performance the man drops the hammer down upon his wife's devoted head, and she surprises him with a yell worthy the emulation of a Comanche Indian.

Finally the man completes the grand act of driving the nails, constructs a wide swing to hold the elbow in position, hammers the pipe a little on one side and then a little on the other, pulls one joint a little here and pushes another length a little there, gives vocal expression to a series of deprecatory and mildly profane adjectives, takes a long breath, breathes a deep-drawn sigh of relief, and proudly announces that the job is finished.

Man.

Man is a mammal, though not half as much as he ought to be.

Man is largely "physical," and would be more so if doctors had their say.

Man is made after a formula which calls for ninety parts water and the remainder of almost anything else.

Man, like a gun, sometimes goes off half cocked, but it is generally because he can't get trusted for any more "medicine."

One of the chief industries of man is corn raising, some on his own feet, some from the feet of others and some in a liquid form at ten cents a drink.

The ninety per cent. of water contained in the primitive man is often adulterated with the juice of bugs to such an unmeasurable extent that he becomes a nomadic cesspool of loathsomeness.

Man, in his best estate, is but a bundle of incoherencies, a heterogeneous commingling of good and evil, joys and rheumatism, sniffling and phosphorus, with bunions to his toes, tartar on his teeth and a bad cold on his coat collar.

"Man's slight is found in eating what is good for him, and drinking what is bad for him, and going to bed with agony on his countenance, and two dollars in his hand, for a doctor that will undo the wrong he has accomplished and set him on his legs again."

Man begins his earthly career with-out a tooth in his head. This is wise, for his occupation during the first year of his existence needs no such appurtenances. They would not only be of no use to him, but a great source of pain and annoyance to those in charge of the toothless mortal.—*Dansville Breeze.*

CHIEF GERONIMO.

His Mode of Life at Fort Pickens—Handsome Natchez.

A Pensacola, Fla., letter to *The Philadelphia Times* says: At the door of the first room were two Indian women seated on the floor playing cards. Our civilization has taught them this. They ceased their game as we came up and smiled at the party. The soldier with us could not interpret, so our conversation was limited to a few signs.

Next we met a woman with a baby swinging on her back. She stopped to let us examine the little fellow. They have a most remarkable "instrument of torture," as we dubbed it, for carrying the "papoose" until they can walk. It is of wood, shaped something like a coffin, with the sides very much lower, though. In that the child is placed and strapped from its neck down to its heels, its hands straight down by its sides, so that the little one can move its head only. This arrangement has a band of leather which the mother passes around her forehead. When busy at anything she stands it up against the wall or a post! Of all the babies we saw there we did not hear one whimper. The women are very friendly, and seemed pleased at the attention paid them and their children by visitors, laughing a great deal and showing invariably fine rows of teeth. We saw great quantities of beadwork, baskets, etc., which they are busy preparing to sell winter tourists, but we did not purchase, as Indian work is so much better done by Americans now.

We soon reached Geronimo's quarters. He sat on a chair near his door, and one of his squaws was on the ground near him, while a baby just waking played about his feet. Within the room on the bed were seated a little boy and girl jabbering away for all they were worth, who quite scorned all our efforts to attract them to us. Geronimo was more suave than any Indian man I have ever seen. He smiled and shook hands, and his manner was almost affable. I was much amused to see the murderous old fellow play with his child. One of his squaws died last week, but he didn't mourn very long.

We had been told that Natchez was more laughty than all the others, but I think we caught him on his red-letter day, he was so polite. He is the finest looking of any of the chiefs, and his face is more honest. Geronimo has a blander smile, but would never inspire confidence. Natchez' hands and feet are small. He stood up for us to look at him. He is long and lithe of limb, and looks as if his strength were quick and nervous rather than of the enduring kind. His hatred of Geronimo does not seem to abate. In fact, the old diplomat, as he is called here, is in bad odor with the other chiefs. They hold him accountable for their surrender, and have never forgiven him. They are very chary about associating with him.

A great pity came over me as we turned to go. I thought of their free life in the great far-reaching country of the west, their hatred of the pale faces of the east. Here they were, shut within four narrow walls, subject to their despised conquerors and their equally hated modes of life. I wondered they did not rise in their wrath and slaughter the handful of men who have them in charge. But life seems sweet to all human beings, and we soon learn prudence if the penalty of recklessness be death.

The storms of a few weeks since terrified them. The "big water" inspires them with awe and dread that nothing else does, and it was an infinite relief to them when the heavens cleared and the waters were again calm. The booming of the surf, which sounded like the play of artillery far in the city, filled them with unspeakable terror. What will become of them? Will their lives be spent in prison? It is a knotty question and one which the government has not yet solved. They are not quite the heroes of Cooper, and their love of dirt and treachery are repulsive; but they are men, and men of so different birth and rearing we cannot force them quite yet into our narrower grooves.

Not Crippled.

A young fellow who was about half tipsy stopped in front of a woman who was grinding a wheezy hand organ on one of the principal thoroughfares the other evening and said:

"I'll give you a half a dollar, old girl, if you'll let me see your face."

The woman's head was enveloped in a black shawl.

She glanced up, saw a 50-cent piece in his fingers, and quickly pushed the shawl back from her face. He saw it. The woman looked in good health and there was rather a cunning smile in her eyes.

"What's the matter with you?" he said.

"Nothing," she said curtly.

"Well, take the money for your gall!" he said, dropping it rattling into her tin cup, and as he moved on the woman began on another plaintive melody.—*Detroit Free Press.*

The Long and Short of It.

"Willie Wafflers," said the teacher, "which is the shortest day in the year?"

"Twenty-first of December," replied Willie, who was correct as far as the writer knows.

"And Tommy Tuff may tell us which is the longest day," said the teacher indulgently.

"Sunday," shouted Tommy.—*Philadelphia Chronicle.*

Wonderous Perspicacity.

"Temporary suicide by a man unknown while in an unsound state of mind," was the somewhat peculiar verdict returned by a Coroner's jury the other day. The officer of the Crown rubbed his crown and sighed. All these jurors are passing through the world as fairly sane folk, and perhaps they are on ordinary occasions. People often get mixed at "Crown's" quests.—*Judge.*

Sleeping Apartments.

Some great writer has remarked: "It must not be forgotten that we spend a considerable portion of our lives in the bed-chamber, and therefore, its healthfulness cannot fail to have a very important bearing upon our physical well-being." Everybody, indeed, who is actuated by a due regard for health and real comfort, will consider an equal degree of attention necessary in giving attention to the size, situation, temperature and cleanliness of the apartment he occupies during the hours of repose, as of the parlor, drawing-room or any other apartment; and yet how very often do we find families crowded at night in obscure and confined chambers, of dimensions scarcely more ample than those of an old-fashioned closet, while perhaps, in the majority of instances, the best rooms in the whole house are set apart for the sole purpose of ostentatious display. Now it is very important that the largest and most elevated room, or rooms, upon the second floor of the dwelling, be appropriated for the purposes of sleeping, and that the same be properly ventilated during the day-time and during all seasons of the year.

There are few houses, the rooms of which are so situated as to render good ventilation impossible, and the influence of this practice upon the health of inmates is too important to permit being neglected from any slight cause. A bed-chamber should be divested of all unnecessary furniture, and unless of considerable size, should never contain more than one bed. There cannot be a more pernicious custom than that pursued by some, indeed by many families, of having their children sleep in small apartments, with two and sometimes with three beds crowded into the same room. It is scarcely necessary to observe that cleanliness, in the most extensive signification of the term, is, if possible, even more necessary with reference to the bed-chamber than with almost any other apartment in the whole house. The practice of sleeping in a room which is occupied during the daytime is extremely unwise. Perfect cleanliness and sufficient free ventilation cannot under such circumstances be preserved, especially during cold weather; hence the atmosphere becomes more vitiated, and altogether unfit for respiration. While too great a degree of caution cannot be observed to avoid sleeping in damp rooms, beds or clothing, the temperature of the bed-chamber, if possible, should never be increased, under the ordinary circumstances of health, by artificial means. As this apartment is to be reserved solely for sleep, a fire is never necessary, excepting, possibly, during extreme cold weather, and even then, the temperature ought not to exceed fifty degrees.

A sleeping apartment in which a heavy fire has been kept for several hours prior to retiring, may to some persons, at first thought, offer great comfort. But, right here, great danger is very liable to occur, since by heating the room to such an extent as has been referred to the system becomes greatly enervated, creating an increased susceptibility to the influence of the cold air, and thus the way is opened to the attack of some of the most serious diseases, especially of the throat and lungs. Happy indeed, should those persons esteem themselves whose means forbid an indulgence in this form of luxury! A person accustomed to undress in a room without a fire, and to seek repose in a cold bed, will not experience the least inconvenience, even in the severest of winter weather. The natural heat of the body will very speedily render a person, under such circumstances, even more comfortable than he or she will be who sleeps in a heated apartment, as experience has amply verified. But this is not all. The constitution of the one accustomed to sleeping in a room which is not artificially heated will be rendered more robust and strong, and far less susceptible to the influence of artificial vicissitudes, than that person who is not so accustomed to sleep.—*Good Housekeeping.*

Sending Far for Cheap Labor.

The painting in the dome of the Capitol at Washington is the largest in the world, and cost \$50,000. The unfinished frieze work at the base of the dome is now being completed by an Italian artist who is employed by the government at \$10 a day. Those in charge sent a long way for a cheap man.—*Atlanta Constitution.*

Johnny's Illustration.

A Boston mother was assisting her little boy the other evening in the mastery of his geography lesson, and coming to the description of a desert, which formed part of the lesson to be memorized, she quoted the text-book to the effect that it was "a barren tract." The little fellow repeated the descriptive phrase after her, but his air of mystification showed that he hadn't the slightest idea of the meaning conveyed by the group of words, and, the better to reach his youthful understanding, she endeavored to simplify the description by defining it as "a place where nothing would grow." The boy's face brightened with the light of awakened intelligence, and the mother, proud and expectant, put the question: "Now Johnny, what is a desert?" Prompt came the response: "Pa's bald head!"—*Boston Budget.*

Self Interest.

We are in favor of a law to prevent men from working when they are sick, and especially men grinding in editorial mills.—*Wilmington (N. C.) Star.*

The Stern Romans.

Young Tommy, who has gone to work manfully at his Latin, says he has no difficulty in believing that the Romans were very stern with their children. "If they had been good to their children, the way folks are now," he says, "they wouldn't have had any accurate cases and ablatives and all those things."—*Boston Transcript.*

Among the Pines of Georgia.

To Canadians, says Edward Jack, in *The Canada Lumberman*, who find our forests so difficult to travel among in Summer time, owing to the quantity of brushwood one encounters almost everywhere, as well as to the obstructions offered to ready progress by tracts of burned or broken lands, the forests of the interior of Georgia offer a pleasing change, especially during the mild and agreeable Southern Winter. Here are to be found no eradic knots, no broken ground, no burned, and no underbrush, for miles and miles, nothing but lofty pines, standing so far apart that one can drive for hours among them, seated in a buggy drawn by a pair of horses, making only an occasional detour to avoid a few square rods of scrub oak or some blown-down tree. One of the latter, which was measured, was 108 feet long, while the first limb was seventy-one feet from the root. There were many trees at this time around, which certainly attained a height of not less than 120 feet.

The surface of the country for sixty miles was as smooth as the streets of any city. It was not level, but gently rolling. The streams by which it was intersected often had banks from fifty to sixty feet in height. These were not abrupt but with a steep slope. Sometimes there were flats along other shores, on which magnolias, oaks, bays and other evergreens grew in the greatest abundance. In the early Spring these shores are fragrant with the perfume of the yellow jessamine, which grows abundantly all over this country, while here and there, about the small round ponds scattered through these forests, the lilac flowers of the redbud mingle their blossoms with the white bloom of the May-haw, and here may be seen our robins, as well as the turtle dove which abounds in these woods, as does the Southern partridge or quail. The brilliant cardinal bird and the gay blue bird, with robe of deepest cobalt, may be seen also, flitting from bough to bough.

One may judge of the genial character of this climate from the fact that near Flint River peach trees were in blossom on the 4th of February, while in some gardens on the 5th of that month pears were already above ground. On the 7th jonquils were in full flower, and strawberries were in blossom. What adds much to the pleasure of travelling among the pines of this part of Georgia, is the absence of mosquitoes and black flies.

The Georgian pine is in general much larger and of better quality than that of Florida. On the Flint River the soil is very different from the white sands of Florida, into which the wheels of one's cart sink deeply, forbidding rapid rate of progress. Through the pine woods, the dark gray, sandy soil is firm everywhere; the only benefit of the highway is that it leads to bridges by which streams can be crossed, and avoids the occasional fallen trees which the traveller now and then encounters. A good road could be found anywhere among the pines.

The Southern pine does not grow so thickly on the same extent of territory as does the white pine of the West, where it is no very uncommon thing to find a forty acre lot yielding a million feet (broad measure) of this lumber. In the West one track may be thickly timbered with white pine, while there may be next to none on the adjoining lot. The Southern pine, on the contrary, although not found growing thickly in any one place, is yet far more generally distributed over an equal area of ground than its Western relative.

Southern pine lands also possess a great advantage over many others in this, that fires will not destroy them, even when the wire grass, which grows beneath the trees, is burned every Spring, so that the tender growth may afford better nourishment to the sheep and cattle that wander the forests. Besides this, when the pines have been cut down, especially on the Lime Sink region of Georgia, the land, which is free from stones, can, with the aid of fertilizers, be made to yield magnificent crops of cotton, Indian corn, melons or other vegetables or fruit, and peach, pomegranate or fig trees will flourish anywhere here without manure, and yet these pine lands of Georgia are so little prized that they were selling in large lots last Winter at from \$1.50 to \$2.50 per acre, where the trees were adjacent to large streams, and where the timber could be cheaply placed in the same and driven to the sea.

It must not be inferred from what has been said that all the pine lands of the South, or even of Georgia, are equally well timbered. On the contrary, there are vast tracts the timber on which is of little value, and many an English capitalist has been swindled by the false representations of designing men into purchasing large tracts of land which are of little or no value. Instances of this kind are numerous, and no one should allow himself to be drawn into the purchase of any Southern lands until he has sent his own trusted and competent explorer to carefully examine and report on the same. Should he not do so, he may in general make up his mind that he has been cheated in his investment.

An Old Marriage License.

The clerk of the supreme court of the District was waited upon this morning by a minister and asked if a marriage license ever went out of date. He showed the clerk a marriage license of Charles Jackson and Laura Queen, of Maryland, granted December 17, 1872, and now, therefore, nearly fifteen years old, and said that the parties had come to him to be married on that license. It was explained that the parties had had a misunderstanding on the eve of marriage in the winter of 1872, and that fifteen years had elapsed before they were fully reconciled. The clerk assured him that a paid-up marriage license was like a full-rate railroad ticket, "good until used."—*Washington Letter.*

The Upsilonntian.

The Flight of a Night.

Speeding, while sleeping, from State to State and O'er Niagara's Awful Gorge—Comments Personal, Political, Theological and Professional.

SYRACUSE, N. Y. Dec. 12, 1887.

We are so accustomed to the rapid advance of modern improvement that scarcely anything now excites our wonder; but it is not a wonderful thing, when we stop to think of it, that we may go to bed in Ypsilanti at half past 10 o'clock Saturday night, and wake up for breakfast in Buffalo, and attend morning service in Rochester, with plenty of time to dress for church! During that time, storms may have raged about us, but we have not felt them, housed in a luxurious and evenly warmed sleeping room, with faithful attendants on watch about us. We may be occasionally awakened by a cessation of the rumble, and, peering behind the curtain, see a city at midnight resplendent with the weird glare of the electric light; and we may glide smoothly across the awful gorge of Niagara, in the very face of the mighty cataract, and know nothing of it.

Mr. Blaine's forcible statement of the magnitude of our internal commerce is brought to mind by the frequent trains one meets in passing over the great six-track route: the New York Central. The company advertises only four tracks, but the Central has absorbed control of the West Shore with its two tracks running all the way beside its own, and so is practically a six-track route, and if we count the Auburn line from here to Rochester, it has seven or eight. On those six tracks there pass through this city, both ways, 146 trains every day! 112 freight, and 34 passenger. Mr. Blaine's statement was that the commerce over the Pennsylvania railroad system was greater in amount than the commerce of the ocean; and these things may give us some points in consideration of the relative value of the foreign trade of which some political economists talk so much. This internal trade of ours must rival the entire trade of all the rest of the world; and it is all free trade developed under protection.

The insatiable American appetite for newspapers is nowhere more noticeable than on a railroad train. As we run to meet the succeeding mornings and evenings, going towards the east, we shorten the interval between the morning and evening editions, but they come none too fast, and the passengers are ready for them at every city. The newspaper man reads with the instinct of his profession, and says to himself as he reads, this must be said about that, and that must be said about this. And so he notices that the Republican National Committee, in the call for the convention, very distinctly accepts the tariff challenge that the President so distinctly throws down, and calls first upon "all who believe in the American principle of a protective tariff," to unite for the choice of a President; and he says, Good—that is what we must emphasize, and there are other things we must emphasize.

He notices that the great evangelical convention at Washington is considering what means can best awaken a wider and deeper interest in the message proclaimed by the churches; and he says, Good—that is what we need to study, and it is what we must master.

He notices that Mr. Wight, the able correspondent of the Inter Ocean at Washington, takes issue with Mr. Blaine on the whisky tax question, and declares the moral effect of that tax to be bad altogether, and no where defensible; and he says, Good again—"the war is over," and nothing remains to justify the whisky tax. Glutting the treasury is its least evil. It gluts the pockets of the great distillers and gives the liquor seller the only ally that could enable him to withstand the temperance sentiment that now exists.

But I am on a vacation, and not presumed to be doing newspaper work. The warm, damp weather continues here this morning, with suggestions of a cold wave coming. Plenty of mud, and no snow.

G. C. S.

Don't Wait!
Come at once and look over the big display of toys, books, games, toy tables, beds, balls, workboxes, toolboxes, trumpets, drums, guns, swords, cats, dogs, rats, turtles, horses, sheep, cows, cars, engines, ten-pin boxes, a. b. c. blocks, all prices. Don't wait till the rush begins, but come now and take first and best choice at the Bazarette bargain counters.

Notice to Stockholders.

The regular annual meeting of the stockholders of the First National Bank of Ypsilanti, Michigan, for the election of Directors, will be held at the office of said bank in Ypsilanti, on Tuesday, January 10, 1888, between the hours of 10 a. m. and 4 p. m., of said day. Ypsilanti, Dec. 8, 1887.
414-17 W. L. PACK, Cashier.

Choice Wood for Sale.

Hickory, Maple, Beach and mixed wood by J. Everts Smith. Leave orders at the grocery store of A. H. Smith, 17

Taxes—1887:

The Treasurer of the township of Ypsilanti will be at the grocery store of Arthur H. Smith, on Friday and Saturday during December to receive and receipt for the tax of said township. B. D. Loomis, Treasurer.

For Rent.

I have for rent the store room at the northeast corner of Congress and Adams streets—a suitable place for sewing machine, insurance, Doctor's office, or some light business. Liberal terms to the right party. AUSTIN GEORGE.

For Sale.

A good residence for sale, one block from Union seminary, very cheap. Address Box 509, Ypsilanti, Mich. 17

The latest brand of fine cigars is the Golden Crescent.

Beautiful boxes of stationery at the Bazarette.

For Lockheart buckwheat flour go to Harris Bros. & Co.

Fresh oysters received daily in bulk and can at C. H. Foster's.

Ask Holbrook for the Golden Crescent cigar—new and nice.

Marshall Hall's ready method in drowning, as to what to do and how to do it, will be found in Dr. Kaufmann's Medical Work; fine colored plates from life. Send three 2 cent stamps, to pay postage, to A. F. Ordway & Co., Boston, Mass., and receive a copy free. 1515

REPORT OF THE CONDITION OF THE First National Bank, at Ypsilanti, in the State of Michigan, at the close of business, Dec. 7th, 1887.

RESOURCES.	
Loans and Discounts	\$245,500 51
Overdrafts	889 77
U. S. Bonds to secure circulation	25,000 00
Other stocks, bonds and mortgages	12,434 25
Due from approved reserve agents	27,062 19
Due from other National banks	8,982 89
Due from State Banks and bankers	3,540 00
Real Estate, furniture and fixtures	6,300 00
Current expenses and taxes paid	601 25
Bills in transit	17,221 07
Checks and other cash items	3,604 31
Bills of other Banks	1,485 00
Fractional paper currency, notes and cents	78 58
Specie	16,199 20
Legal tender notes	15,545 00
Redemption fund with U. S. Treasurer (5 per cent. of circulation)	1,125 00
Total	\$385,130 23

LIABILITIES.	
Capital stock paid in	\$ 75,000 00
Surplus fund	25,000 00
Undivided profits	13,070 25
National Bank notes outstanding	22,500 00
Individual deposits subject to check	13,557 15
Demand certificates of deposit	116,222 83
Total	\$385,130 23

State of Michigan, county of Washtenaw, s. s. I, W. L. Pack, cashier of the above named bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.

W. L. PACK, Cashier.
Subscribed and sworn to before me this 13th day of December, 1887.
D. C. GRIFFIN, Notary Public.

CORRECT—Attest:
C. S. WORTLEY, Directors.
S. H. DODGE,
CHARLES KING.

XMAS PRESENTS

In purchasing Christmas Presents, why not buy useful ones? At No. 6 Union Block you can get a splendid article for a very small amount of money. There you will find a comfortable HOOD for Grandmother, a Velvet HAT or BONNET for Wife and Sister, a TAM O'SHANTER for the Little Girl, and a Warm ANGORA HOOD for Baby.

Having a large stock, we are determined to reduce it by selling our goods, including a splendid assortment of fancy articles and materials at Very Cheap Prices. Goods at your own price from now until the beginning of the New Year. Come and see for yourself.

No. 6 UNION BLOCK.

E. M. CURTIS.

FOR SALE!

HOUSE AND LOT IN CITY!

Three minutes walk from Normal, towards business center. Terms very reasonable. Good reasons for selling. Inquire at Singer Sewing Machine Co.'s office, opposite Postoffice, 41416

SANTA CLAUS' HEADQUARTERS!

—FOR—

CANDIES, FRUITS AND NUTS

—AND—

CHRISTMAS TREE ORNAMENTS.

The Largest, Cheapest, and Most Complete Stock of Candies in the City.

F. A. OBERST.

Follett House Block, Cross St.

NEW FIRM!!

Having recently purchased the Photograph business of Mr. A. J. Clark, we wish to call the attention of the people of Ypsilanti to the fact that we are prepared to do the best of

PHOTOGRAPH WORK

At the low price for Cabinets of \$2.50 per dozen. We guarantee satisfaction and the finest of work. Call at our studio and see samples. Soliciting a share of your patronage, we are,
Yours Respectfully,

NICHOLSON & ANDERSON.

GIVE THE NEW

Jewelry and Stationery Store

A call and examine the large assortment of

Wedding, Anniversary and Holiday Gifts.

The most complete line of Stationery, Plush Goods and Novelties in the city.

Watch and Jewelry Repairing done with neatness and dispatch.

E. L. HOUGH,

JEWELER AND OPTICIAN,

Huron Street, - Ypsilanti, Mich.



YPSILANTI OPERA HOUSE

THURSDAY EVE'G, DEC. 15.

The Eminent Young Actor and Author.

Chas. Erin Verner

In the Interesting and Romantic Drama,

"SHAMUS O'BRIEN!"

The Superior of all Irish Plays.

A Grand Production!

Faithlessly Represented!

A Pronounced Success!

Playing only the Principal Theaters.

USUAL POPULAR PRICES

Reserved Seats now on sale at Dodge's Jewelry Store.

NORMAL

Lecture & Music Course

Entertainments in this Course are arranged for the following dates:

LECTURE—Tuesday evening, Jan. 3,

Mrs. Mary A. Livermore, of Massachusetts, Subject—Wendell Phillips and his Times.

LECTURE—(Extra) Tuesday, Jan. 17,

Herr von Finkenstein, Subject—Homes and Haunts of Jesus; the Fellowship or Farmers of Palestine.

LECTURE—Thursday evening, Jan. 26,

Frank Beard, the Chalk-Talk Artist, Subject—The Mission of Humor.

LECTURE—Thursday evening, Feb. 9,

Wallace Bruce, of New York, Subject—Robert Burns.

CONCERT—Tuesday evening, Feb. 14,

The Welsh Prize Singers, from the Cardiff Choir, Wales.

LECTURE—Tuesday evening, Feb. 21,

Col. Augustus Jacobson, the originator of the Chicago Manual Training School, Subject—Manual Training.

CONCERT—Tuesday evening, March 6,

The Clara Louise Kellogg Concert and Opera Co. The evening's program will consist of two parts:

I. A Grand Concert of Eight Numbers.
II. The entire Third Act of Gounod's Grand Opera "Faust," given in costume with appropriate stage setting.

LECTURE—(Extra) Monday, March 19,

Rev. John DeWitt Miller, of Connecticut, Subject—The Uses of Ugliness.

The above dates are subject to change. A date for the remaining extra will be announced as soon as arranged.



All Druggists, 25c, 50c, and \$1.00. Prepared only by Dr. Seth Arnold, Med. Corp., Woonsocket, R. I.

Christmas! Christmas!

A PRESENT FOR EVERYBODY!

From now until January 1st, 1888, we will give a

Handsome Christmas Present!

to every purchaser of goods to the amount of \$1 or more in our Crockery Department. Our Stock of

Staple Crockery

—AND—

Fancy Goods!

is very full and complete, and our prices are very low. Call and see us.

DAVIS & CO.,

19 CROSS ST.,

YPSILANTI, - MICHIGAN.

ESTABLISHED 1861.

26th Annual Announcement!

An Inspection of our

NEW GOODS

Suitable for

HOLIDAY-GIFTS

respectfully solicited.

S. H. DODGE,

JEWELER.

SLEIGHS

WINTER WILL COME!

and with it the beautiful snow, and the boys will be hunting up their Sleighs to enjoy the fun. Many of them will be sadly the worse for the wear of last year, and new ones will be needed. As Santa Claus does not make his annual visit until Christmas we have determined to get the start of him, and will present

WITH EVERY CASH SALE OF

Boys' Suits or Overcoats

AMOUNTING TO FIVE DOLLARS,

A BEAUTIFUL

SLEIGH,

strong enough for the big boys and fancy enough for the small ones. See them in our window.

Alban & Johnson,

Congress Street, Ypsilanti.

SLEIGHS

Santa Claus and Frank Smith.

The old partnership again, but the stock is larger and prices smaller than ever before. If you want

Jewelry, Books, Albums, Picture Frames,

Toilet Sets, Dressing Cases, Toys,

Or anything in the line of Fancy Goods; if you want Good Goods at BOTTOM PRICES; if you want to save time and money, go first to the EMPORIUM. If you don't know what you want, there is nothing like

FRANK SMITH'S EMPORIUM!

To help you out.

Special Prices given to committees selecting for schools and classes. Go early and often.



BEGINS AT

Clear's Business College.

MONDAY EVENING, DEC. 5,

and will continue for twelve weeks, with sessions Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday evenings of each week. Book-keeping (actual business from the beginning), Arithmetic, Penmanship, Grammar, Spelling, Business Forms, Correspondence, Shorthand and Typewriting. For particulars regarding terms and hours for study, call at the College Office.

P. R. CLEARY, Principal.

IMPORTANT!

We have the Exclusive Sale of the CELEBRATED

PONTIAC KNIT & FELT BOOTS

For this vicinity.

THE BEST IS THE CHEAPEST.

If you want low price felts we have them, 75 cents per pair and upwards. Our Motto:

GOOD GOODS AT ROCK BOTTOM PRICES.

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8 CONGRESS STREET.

